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NATIONAL REVIEW

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

It Pays to be Libeled in London

ALISTAIR HORNE

Tourist Diplomacy: A Dissenting View

LEOPOLD KOHR

Unruffled Berlin

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · THOMAS MOLNAR
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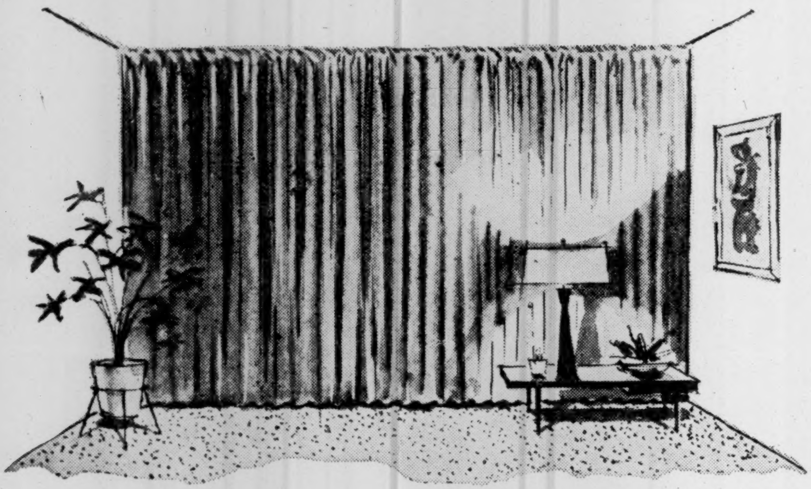

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For the Record

In the past five months, steel imports have exceeded exports—for the first time in seven decades. This is the vital, unpublicized fact which is troubling both sides of the negotiating table. . . . The Illinois Senate has passed a bill to outlaw the Communist Party in that state. A major brawl over it shaping up in the lower chamber. . . . James Hoffa and Harry Bridges are agreed on which union will organize which workers in Hawaii. . . . Last week the British Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions, with three million members, elected a Communist, Frank Foulkes, Confederation President.

Two East Coast senatorial campaigns already are boiling. The Liberals all out to defeat Styles Bridges in New Hampshire and Robert Morris (who is fighting for the nomination) in New Jersey. . . . Some Washington observers think Senator Margaret Chase Smith will try a "Wayne Morse" and switch parties in her next campaign. . . .Good news: reports that Congressman August E. Johansen and Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield are moving back into Michigan state politics. . . . Where's the rationale in this? Of those questioned in a Princeton reunion class ('44) 53 per cent reported they had moved to the right politically in the past five years; 60 per cent said they would vote Republican in 1960. Yet 68 per cent came out in favor of immediate or ultimate American recognition of Communist China.

Veteran Congressmen getting fed up with organized mail campaigns in support of specific legislation. Many lawmakers now verifying home district sentiment by spot phone calls to opinion leaders in the state. . . . The Senate has passed the Douglas (Sen. Paul, Dem. Ill.) bill urging the President to designate the third week in July as "Captive Nations" week each year until freedom comes to all subjugated persons.

Smuggling of foodstuffs into famine-hit Red China the most flourishing business in Hong Kong and Macao. Red border guards are cooperating (for a price) with the apparent okay of Peiping. . . . The Communists reportedly subsidizing many of the 150 Cubans who will take part in World Youth Festival in Vienna. . . . In Jakarta, Indonesia, the hula-hoop has been banned by the government because it "endangers the national moral norms and could weaken the national potency."

The WEEK

● *Which paper do you read? Department:* Culled from reviews of the Soviet Kinopanorama film *Great Is My Country* in the *New York Times* and the trade journal *Variety*. *Times*: "[It] closely compares in its projection to the scenic entertainments we have had in our own Cinerama and Cinemiracle. . . ." *Variety:* "Inasmuch as the Soviets have free access to the U.S., where they must have seen both Cinerama and Cinemiracle, it is astonishing that they would risk their Kinopanorama process on Broadway. They may have been ahead with the sputniks. They're certainly behind when it comes to widescreen." *Times:* ". . . . a generally handsome and impressive widescreen-and-color travelogue, notably short on people and propaganda. . . ." *Variety:* "The Soviets weren't content to turn out a travelog. They're presenting a propaganda picture."

● In a rapidly changing world, there abides the arrogance of Jimmy Hoffa. Summoned (for the nth time) to testify before Senate investigators last week on union corruption and proposed labor legislation, Hoffa snapped at chief counsel Robert Kennedy and the committee: "I am not here to be ridiculed." He ignored questions put to him by the senators, disdained to reply to inquiries concerning embezzlement of union funds by union officials, and conveniently "forgot" or ignored details of his frequent flouting of the courts. He informed the committee, moreover, that his union would elect to positions of trust whomsoever it pleased, regardless of criminal record. That will teach the Senate of the United States to inconvenience a crook who has Edward Bennett Williams as lawyer.

● The interim report of the Cabinet Committee on Price Stability for Economic Growth, headed by Vice President Nixon, is not designed to win friends among Liberal economists. For in an analysis personally drafted by Mr. Nixon, it notes that wages sometimes affect prices—a heretical doctrine to the Leon Keyserlings and John K. Galbraiths—and it urges a revision of the tax structure. Tax reforms which will increase incentives for capital expenditures and industrial expansion are urged—along with a plea for a balanced budget. It is the conviction of both the committee and Mr. Nixon that such revision will directly affect the wage earner by reducing inflation and increasing the national prosperity. Liberal economists are already sharpening their knives.

● Of 54 "career" ambassadors now representing the United States abroad, a) 24 are not "easily conversant in their local language," b) eleven do not even speak the local language haltingly, c) ten do not and fifteen do speak an alternative language in which they can get around. So Senator Richard Neuberger has been researching the problem, presumably on the assumption that it is important. Two observations are in order: First, what are the ostensible accomplishments of the local language speakers? Are they really the move-about-the-cocktail-party whizzes that career diplomats are cracked up to be? And second, we have yet to hear of one of them who gets his point across as well as a certain recent visitor to the United States who functioned exclusively through an interpreter.

● Arthur Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, now adds his voice to that of the frenzied fluoridators. It is "nothing short of tragic," he says, "that millions of children are being denied a convenient and safe way of preventing 65 per cent of dental decay" as a result of the actions of that "militant minority" blocking water fluoridation in many cities. Now, Mr. Flemming must know, if he has studied the question at all, that any parent desiring to provide his children with fluoridated water can do so at a cost of less than 25 cents per child per year. It is a pity that the U.S. Public Health Service, by talking as if the alleged benefits of fluorides can be tapped only through the municipal faucet, refuses to advertise the fact that there are effective and efficient alternative methods available to any family or individual who wants the stuff.

● We do not begrudge *Atlanta Constitution* editor Ralph McGill his Pulitzer Prize for editorial writing in 1958, we swear we don't; nor do we, heaven knows, disagree with him about the Atlanta and Clinton bombings—these being the topic of the editorial to which the Pulitzer Committee points as an example of his best work. But we do deplore the particular phrase from that editorial that the news dispatches have held up for admiration, namely: the bombings were the work of "rabid, mad dog minds"—both because we doubt whether the phrase forwarded rational discussion of the problem in hand, and because "rabid, mad dog minds" seems to us just as bad writing as, say, "venomous, poison-pen editorials" or, say, "alcoholic, hard liquor refreshments." Though there is, of course, the question whether Pulitzer Prizes nowadays go to literary craftsmen or merely to journalistic agents of the Pulitzer Committee's orthodoxy.

● Will a plant (botanical, not industrial) grow faster if you pray over it from day to day? Recently-reported scientific experiments "prove," it seems, that it will—that is, that Plant A, which struggled along without benefit of prayer, lagged behind Plant B, which someone encouraged by invoking for it the blessing of the Almighty. We have followed the discussion in *Time* magazine with great interest—for example, the letter from a reader who couldn't bear to face what the experiments seemed to imply (namely, if prayer can do all that, the God being prayed to must exist): "Isn't it possible that the differences in growth . . . result from the breath (fumes) that go over them? If a person thinks angry thoughts (Communism, etc.), more acid forms in the stomach." (As, we might add, if a person reads too much contemporary literature, more scientism forms in the head?) In any case, nothing for it but to repeat the experiments, with a control group of prayerful plant-growers properly dosed with Clorets.

● We get it (in re the Supreme Court's decision on the *Lady Chatterley* movie): a state, *e.g.*, New York State, cannot ban a movie if it treats approvingly of immoral conduct in an *un*obscene way. The mere fact that a movie "advocates [the] . . . idea that adultery under certain circumstances may be proper behavior" is *not* proper grounds for banning it, and we must be clear as to why. The picture, the Court concedes, "advocates [the] . . . idea that adultery under certain circumstances may be proper behavior." In doing so, it portrays a relationship that is "contrary to the moral standards, the religious prejudices, and the legal code of . . . [our] citizenry." But that is neither here nor there: ". . . the First Amendment's basic guarantee is a freedom to advocate ideas . . . [Its] guarantee is not confined to the expression of ideas that are conventional or shared by the majority. It protects advocacy of the opinion that adultery [and murder?] may sometimes be proper. . . ." In a word, the First Amendment is a mandate for the wide-open society in America, although nobody ever understood it so until a few years ago, and the men who wrote it never intended it so—never, we might add, intended the amendment to apply to the states at all. (Justices Black and Douglas, typically, add to the decision that *all* prior censorship of movies is unconstitutional.) Or, to put it otherwise, there are *no* standards of decency that the American people can use their governments to enforce, and for the worst of possible reasons, namely, that there are no standards of decency to begin with (there are merely conventions). The answer?

● The thought that de-salted sea water will soon be cheap enough to use for irrigation is the most frightening of the week. Just *think* of the farm surpluses that could be grown on our Western deserts!

Slow Left, or Fast?

Paul Butler appears to have moved a factional struggle between forces in the Democratic Party to a new and more decisive phase. Paul Butler, the ideologue, has declared open war upon Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn, the pros. Ideologues have beaten pros before, though not very often. In the outcome of the present contest, the interest of the nation is much involved.

The opportunist Johnson, who receives political vibrations more reliably than the possessed Mr. Butler, appears to have reached the conclusion that the overwhelming vote given to the Democratic Party last November was not a mandate for pell-mell socialization. It could have been anything else—weariness with Eisenhower, an organizational triumph by the Democratic Party, panic over temporary unemployment, the victory of pacifist rhetoric respecting Quemoy-Matsu: these, rather than the call of socialism, might have brought on the sweep. Butler thinks otherwise, and concludes that stodgy Democratic leadership will cause the voters to punish the Democratic Party next time they have the opportunity. Depending on which is the correct reading of the people's mood, the Democratic Party will go moderately or radically left in the years to follow. Meanwhile, Butler *et al.* will do their best to stimulate in the voters a discontent with things as they are, pointing to the glowing horizon of free false teeth and free houses and less production and less freedom.

Good News from the Saar

Bad news pounds at our ears with raucous voice. Good news sometimes arrives with so modest a bearing that it may altogether escape our notice. Let us therefore pause long enough to hail the very good and wonderfully promising news of an event that took place at midnight, July 5/6.

It was at that moment that the political border between the Saar and the German Federal Republic disappeared. To the smiling toasts of its inhabitants—and of the French officials who had administered its political affairs since war's end—the rich tributary valley of the Rhineland, with its 17 million annual tons of high grade coal and its 3.5 million tons of steel production, became again a part of Germany. In the transfer of sovereignty over this substantial prize, not a shot had been fired, not one citizen had been jailed or bribed or terrorized.

The Saar lies to the north of Lorraine, just below Luxembourg, in the heartland of Western civilization, and has been fought over since the days of Julius Caesar. It was at issue between Bismarck and Louis Napoleon; it was a pawn in both world wars of this century. In 1945 France claimed the Saar by unchallenged right of victory, and it was attached economically to France under a statute that provided a political semi-autonomy. But this did not correspond to the traditions and will of the Saar's predominantly German population. In orderly and peaceful elections they made clear their wish to be an integral part of Germany. Though this meant a considerable economic loss to France, France's response was turned toward her hopes for Europe's future, not back to the ferocities of Europe's past. Without recrimination or bitterness from either Bonn or Paris, a series of administrative steps led to the final transfer.

Ludwig Erhard, German Minister of Finance, spoke for both nations and for Europe at the dissolving border: "What is happening in the Saar can be confidently counted on as a further step on the road to the creation of a united Europe . . . The ties, the friendship between France and Germany will become still stronger by it. . . ."

Because That's Where the Money Is

We cheer the Honorable Louis C. Miriani, mayor of Detroit, and we say—granting him amnesty for whatever misdeeds he may heretofore have committed—long may he rule. Not since Willie Sutton answered a judge who asked him why he robbed banks by saying, "That's where the money is," have we heard so clean a penetration of the sophistries and contradictions of our befuddled age. The reason Mayor Miriani declined to entertain Frol Kozlov in Detroit, he wired the State Department after it had importuned him to lavish his hospitality upon the Deputy Soviet Premier "as a gesture in the national interest," was because: "I believe his trip is *not* in the public interest."

Which of course it is not. Several months ago, a few days after Mikoyan returned to the Soviet Union, the State Department revealed the blood-chilling transcript of an intercepted conversation between Soviet fighter planes as they closed in, for a kill, on a harmless and unarmed American transport plane in the Mideast. That act, which symbolizes the thrust of Soviet diplomacy, seemed to make an impression on the thousands of Americans who, as always "in the public interest," had let down their guards to treat Mikoyan as an honored guest and accredited member of the civilized community. But the incident of the airplane, though followed through by Khrushchev's reiterated threats against Berlin and world peace, by the rape of Tibet, by the workaday atrocities of life within the Soviet Empire, could not hold the attention of the nation's business or political elite even long enough to generate a spontaneous boycott of the next-ranking agent of the Communist revolution smiling his treacherous way from coast to coast.

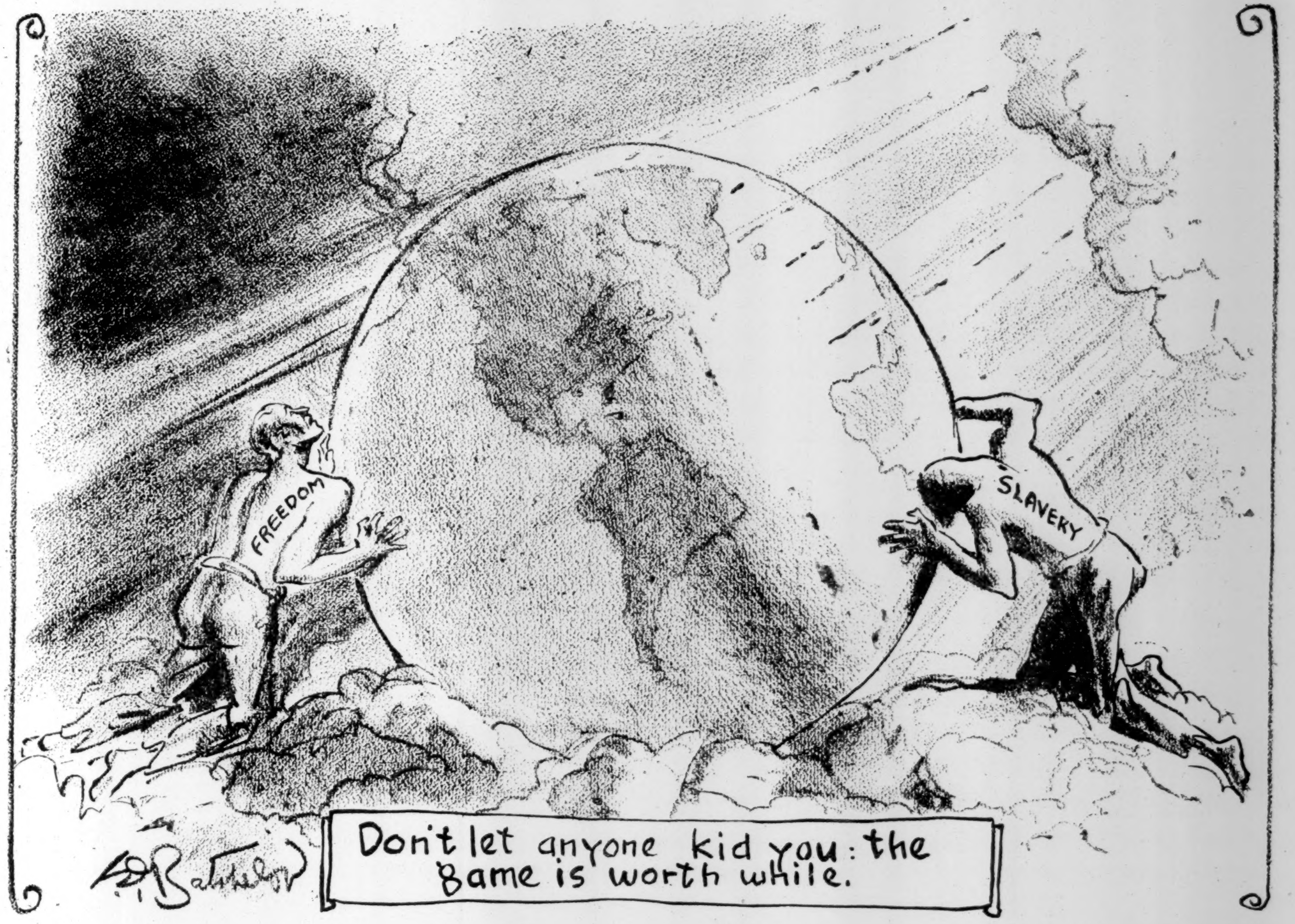
We have optimistically, though cautiously, chronicled in this magazine the record of President Eisenhower's progress from the moment he stayed the pro-Communist panic in the Mideast by landing troops in Lebanon, through his firmness on Quemoy-Matsu, to his firm announcement that the United States would not surrender Berlin under *any* circumstances. Dare we hope that the progress will continue, that before Eisenhower leaves the White House he will think through the implications of his own pronouncements and declare that the United States will henceforward close its doors to marauding killers from the Soviet Union, no matter how many rings pierce their noses—that to treat officials of the Communist conspiracy like diplomats is to undermine the diplomacy and moral position of the West? If the time ever comes, Mr. Eisenhower need say no more than Mayor Miriani: The United States will no longer entertain agents of the revolution because to do so "is not in the public interest."

The Austere Peseta

Friends of Spain await with interest further details about the "austerity plan" for the Spanish economy which, we are told, has been worked out between Madrid and "foreign fiscal experts." For the moment, all that is known is that a) the peseta, which has been under pressure for many years, is officially devalued to the level of its actual free market rate; b) Spain will restrict internal credits and reduce government spending; c) certain barriers to foreign trade and foreign investment will be removed and d) Spain will receive a loan of some $200 million.

The name of the United States government, though obviously the ultimate source of the loan, does not appear in the announcement of the plan. This should not be permitted to obscure the fact that what is going on is an agreement between the United States and Spain—one, furthermore, by means of which the United States uses the power that accrues to it because of Spain's economic dependence to induce changes in Spanish economic policy that must be made if Spain is to recover her economic vitality, and incidentally provide stable ground for a forward American base. Spain has been living beyond her means in the twofold sense that she has been importing from abroad more than she can afford, and that she has been pursuing impoverishing internal policies: state welfarism and economic nationalism.

The announced changes are in the direction of freeing the market place. Even though they may ring in a period of austerity, they permit the potentialities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of the Spanish economy to be more fully realized. The danger is that the reforms will not go far enough, either because of resistance by Spanish officialdom (which though rightist in politics is leftist in economics) or because of insufficient appreciation of the free economy by the American negotiators.

Why on Earth?

Cyrus Eaton, whose knack for personally profitable opportunities is not lightly to be sniffed at, claims he has "solid proof" that "three billion dollars of [Soviet] business is available to American firms." Mr. Eaton is undoubtedly right about this. The only fault to be found with his "proof" is that he ignores the question of the tab. Who would pick it up?

The answer is that the U.S. taxpayer would pick it up. Our authority for such a statement is no less a person than the Soviet Premier, Nikita S. Khrushchev, who sent a proposed "shopping list" to President Eisenhower a year ago. The chief item on the Russian list was industrial machinery. To pay for the machinery, Khrushchev suggested that the U. S. grant Russia some fat long-term credits. In brief, the whole transaction was to be put on the cuff. But not, be it noted, on Mr. Eaton's cuff.

Mirabile dictu, the U.S. State Department shows no disposition to follow the Eaton line. It has just informed Senator Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that there is little prospect for a substantial increase in U.S.-Soviet trade and little reason for the government to promote it. The State Department observes, quite correctly, that credits to Russia would not only strengthen a potential enemy but also diminish the loan funds available to manifestly friendly nations. But even if Khrushchev could be trusted to honor Soviet promises (a doubtful proposition as long as Russia remains in default on its war debts to the U.S.), the Soviets have little to offer American customers in the way of usable goods that might ultimately balance the trading accounts between the two countries. As the State Department points out, the U.S. now gets its manganese and chrome ore, which formerly came from Russia, from more friendly and responsible sources. As for the rest, not enough Americans eat caviar or wear mink to put many Russians to work at the job of creating a reciprocal "shopping list."

If the Soviet Union could create consumer goods that were salable in the U.S., a Russian-American trade deal might be an arguable proposition, if you had a way to square it with the cold war. True, we would be strengthening the Russian economy if we were to let Moscow buy our machinery. But if Russians were laboring at the same time to manufacture consumer goods for export to pay for the machinery, they would, by that token, be committing a share of their collective energy to creating a peacetime economy. However, the whole question of the comparative benefits that might redound to both countries from a genuine reciprocity in trade is academic. The Russians have very little that we want or need. And, of course, "trade" for the Communists is simply one means of waging economic warfare.

Nobody, But Nobody, Can Know

We have written often of the ideologization of the Supreme Court, the result of which has been the emergence of the "third legislative chamber" deplored by such constitutional authorities as Professor Edward Corwin. Less obvious have been the attendant and strictly judicial delinquencies of the Court, specifically its habit of enveloping decisions on particular cases in a vast cloud of hints, asides, *obiter dicta* and pointedly unresolved questions. If a case comes before the Court for decision, the least we can expect is that the Court will decide it—and decide it in a clear and fully-reasoned opinion that will not raise more questions than it answers.

Instead, the Court has tended increasingly to make every decision a *point d'appui* for half a dozen future forays in ill-defined directions. One thinks of the Watkins case, which seemed to doom the charter of the House Committee on Un-American Activities as too broad, but coyly declined to indicate what sort of charter would pass muster. Or of *Jencks*, which struck down the established rule for determining the relevance of secret FBI files, but hinted that any law passed to cope with the ensuing chaos might run afoul of the due process clause. And now comes the Greene case, in which the Court reinstated a security risk in a private factory working on a sensitive government contract, on the ground that it could find no evidence that either Congress or the President had expressly authorized dismissals under the hearing procedures that had been used. One might suppose that the barn door could now be closed, however belatedly, by prompt congressional or Presidential action; but not so! For the Court teasingly added: "Nor do we decide whether the President has inherent authority to create such a program, whether congressional action is necessary, or what the limits on Executive or legislative authority may be."

These questions, in short, will be decided by the Court in future cases and (as Arthur Krock observes) their outcome "nobody can even guess. And in this instance nobody means *nobody*."

Apologists for the Court have at times tried to make a virtue of this paralyzing judicial ambiguity—*e.g.*, by defending the Yates case, which emasculated the Smith Act by reinterpreting it, on the ground that the Court thereby avoided "reaching" the question of the Act's constitutionality (and, perhaps, being compelled to kill it outright as violative of the First Amendment).

But the Court, by its reticence, has done the Smith Act no real favor. Instead, it has merely left itself free to fire its torpedoes at the Smith Act one at a time—thus compelling Congress to pass perhaps half a dozen corrective amendments, in as many years, in response to successive waves of Court objections.

The truth is that the Court has strayed far from its original and legitimate function as a tribunal of last resort for particular cases. It sees itself, now, as a co-equal author of binding national policies on political, economic and social issues; and this naturally compels it to leave adequate room for future maneuver—retreats, advances, flank attacks and ambushes. It is making, meanwhile, an appalling hash of the central judicial process.

Vaudeville in Blood

The Caribbean Carnival continues. Ever since Fidel Castro became the Cuban state, he has been loosing his messianic impulse on his neighbors. By last week it looked as if he might throw the Caribbean into general war.

In Cuba itself, Castro was having his troubles. It took the army complete with bayonets to seize 2.4 million acres of ranch land. Major Pedro Díaz, chief of the Cuban Air Force, resigned from the Cabinet, charging serious and increasing Communist infiltration of the government. The Liberator promptly denounced him as "traitor," and sent the army to arrest him. New laws were passed, decreeing the death penalty for "counter-revolutionary activity" and for "damage to the national economy or the public treasury." The inference would seem to be that in Cuba counter-revolution was beginning.

Across the Caribbean, the Dominican Republic quashed a landing force of exiles, trained in Cuba for an attack on Trujillo's stronghold. Castro then severed relations with the Dominican Republic. Meanwhile, Tad Szulc of the *New York Times*, lapping along in the seven-league footsteps of Herbert L. Matthews, declared personal war on Trujillo (gist of the typical Szulc dispatch: there are innumerable reasons for an uprising in the Dominican Republic;

however there is no uprising. Mr. Szulc, according to some observers, was merely trying to build up a public demand for his new book on Latin America, *Twilight of the Tyrants*). And Joseph F. Farland, U. S. Ambassador to the Dominican Republic, was tricked into shaking hands with the Trujillo agent who had betrayed the abortive revolutionary attempt —and the photograph appeared in every Latin American newspaper, suggesting U. S. collusion in the repulsion of Castro's forces.

At week's end, the shouting had not subsided. Strongman Trujillo demanded OAS intervention on his behalf, Radio Venezuela broadcast bloodthirsty anti-Trujillo tirades, and Raúl Castro, Fidel's pro-Communist brother, launched Marxist indoctrination courses for the entire Cuban army, which he controls.

Our Own Encyclopaedia

SOCRATES (c. 470 B.C.-439 B.C.), Athenian, demagogue. Like the other Sophists, Socrates claimed to be a philosopher. He spent most of his life walking about the streets exercising a remarkable capacity for divisive argument, challenging the traditional institutions, inciting irreverence in the youth, and threatening, finally, to overturn the very bases of his society. His considerable forensic talents held the entire scandalized city at bay for years.

Socrates took pleasure in the commotion and continued, indefatigably, his bombastic dialectical disquisitions, in which he was aided by compliant youths (it has been widely suggested that it was not merely an intellectual affinity that accounted, over the years, for the fastness of his friendship with his young followers). Socrates practiced upon all he met his demoralizing sophistications, and gave us an eponym—"Socratic," which means imputing intellectual idiocy to all who disagree with you in debate.

But the day came when the elders' patience drew finally to an end, and the senior tribunal of the state called Socrates before it and confronted him with the squalid record of his impieties. Socrates was still in full command of the withering impudence with which he had first engaged the attention of the city's effete, and proceeded not only to defend his behavior, but to suggest that the exalted tribune before whom Socrates stood in judgment were themselves the corrupt members of society, disloyal to the finest traditions of Athens. But the chamber held to its course, and by a comfortable majority voted to censure him.

Following his trial Socrates, though he was given the opportunity, failed to carry on his work elsewhere, thereby confirming the suspicion that he had been insincere from the outset. He lingered on a while, fawned over by his diminishing coterie of sycophants, to some of whom he owed money, and ultimately drank himself to death. R. Ro.

Return of the Bogeyman

In the tumult surrounding his proposal to ship 250,000 grenade launchers to West Germany, Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion has resigned. That is not astonishing, since Ben-Gurion has resigned five times since 1949, returning each time to organize a new cabinet and a new government.

In the debate that old bogeyman, the brute-German, has been resurrected. In this country the left-Liberals have not contented themselves with screaming for retroactive vindictiveness against Germany. Some have exploited Ben-Gurion's dilemma as a means of reviving the call for a demilitarized Germany, amputated and neutral—*i.e.*, prepared to stand by forever while the Soviets do to the Poles and the Hungarians and to the Russians themselves what the Nazis did to the Jews.

To have their way, they will have to disavow the acknowledged leader of world Jewry, whether in or out of office. And Ben-Gurion has said, "The Germany of today is not the Germany of Hitler, not only because there is no Nazi regime and there is a government of the Christian Democratic Party, or, potentially, of Social Democrats, but because Germany's objective position has been fundamentally transformed . . ."

Hold Your Breath

State Department actions during recent weeks exhibit a widening split. On the left, we note a slump from containment to coexistence to appeasement: in the lack of response to the shooting up of our Navy plane off Korea; in the meek acceptance of Soviet censorship of *our* show in Moscow and the equally meek willingness to let anything go at *their* show in New York; in the fulsome approach to Comrade Kozlov's visit, with the President prodded into a fraternizing act and the mayor of Detroit scolded for bowing out (see p.198); in the moves to recall and elevate the exiled "Chip" Bohlen, unreconstructed apologist for Yalta.

But as plainly on the right, there have been: the sharp tone of Assistant Secretary Andrew Berding's communiqués on the Geneva meetings; the continuing Departmental campaign, against the indignant opposition of Europe's leftists, to get Spain into the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, NATO and the other agencies of the Western community; the ice-cold damper that the Department threw on Senator Fulbright's dream of expanding U.S.-Soviet trade ("long-term credits . . . and exports of advanced equipment could help break [Soviet] bottlenecks [and] strengthen a potential enemy").

It is as if the political division always smoldering in the Department broke into open flames after Mr. Dulles left the controls. Sensing that Christian Herter may be its man, the reinvigorated left, that rode so high in the old Yalta and China days, makes bold jumps toward the appeasement that has always been its goal. But the anti-Communist wing, which not even Acheson could altogether subdue, fights back while the transition to a new regime leaves the Department's internal situation still fluid.

Before the summer is over, the winds blowing to and from the Summit should foretell the outcome.

Should Students Be Loyal?

Congress should never, of course, have put the government of the United States into the business of lending students money to go to school on. But once it made up its mind to do so foolish a thing, Congress was quite right in requiring applicants for the loans to take "loyalty oaths" (that is, swear that they are not members of any subversive organization). And now that the Senate Labor Committee has recommended repeal of the loyalty oath provision, it behooves us to remind ourselves why Congress was quite right.

The reason is simple: We do not wish United States government funds to be used for educating young men and women who refuse to swear to such an oath. They may refuse, not because they are subversives but because they object to loyalty oaths on principle? That in itself—since the usual next step for them is to object to the whole loyalty-security program—is sufficient reason for declaring them ineligible. The subversives will just execute the oath and go ahead and subvert? We do not drop laws against perjury because criminals tell lies. The loyalty oath requirement "unnecessarily slanders" (Senator Kennedy's phrase) the applicant? No more than the oath to uphold the Constitution slanders a newly-elected President—or a newly-commissioned officer in the armed forces. The analogy between students and the President or the army officer is itself slanderous, because what is involved, where students are concerned, is the whole sacred business of academic freedom? There must be no academic "freedom" either to join subversive organizations, or to say that it is none of Congress' business whether you do or not. Most of the applicants are not subversive? The ritual of taking the oath will do them good. The students who will refuse to take the oath are the brightest ones? All the more reason for not forwarding their careers: the brighter they are, the more harm they are capable of doing.

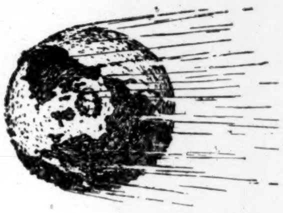
Notes and Asides

Dr. Harry Overstreet has vigorously protested Dr. Russell Kirk's column "From the Academy" in our issue of May 23, insisting that he has been misrepresented. We quote herewith the relevant passage from Dr. Overstreet's *The Great Enterprise* (p. 115) italicizing the sentences run together by Dr. Kirk:

> *A man, for example, may be angrily against race equality, public housing, the TVA, financial and technical aid to backward countries, organized labor, and the preaching of social rather than salvational religion.* [Here Dr. Kirk inserted three periods indicating an omission.]
>
> In some people the areas of rigidity are so numerous and contiguous that we can only speak of these individuals as prejudiced persons. Try as we may, we can scarcely open up a subject that does not tap their permeative, automatic "againstness." *Such people may appear "normal" in the sense that they are able to hold a job and otherwise maintain their status as members of society; but they are, we now recognize, well along the road toward mental illness.*

Dr. Overstreet maintains that there is no imputation there that conservatives as described in the first sentence are mentally ill. Dr. Kirk disagrees and writes to the author: "It seems to me that in that page you strongly imply that persons who are strongly against TVA, foreign aid, 'social religion,' and the like are at least on the verge of mental disorder. Such is the general impression left upon the mind of the reader, I am sure. . . . The intervening sentences between the two sentences that I quoted do not seem to me to alter the general impression I mention above."

Our Contributors: LEO DUDIN ("Communist Armageddon") was Associate Professor at the University of Kiev before the war, left the Soviet Union during the war and acted for a time as political adviser to anti-Soviet General A.A. Vlasov. He entered the United States in 1951 and since that time has been engaged in research on Soviet affairs for Columbia, Harvard and MIT. LEOPOLD KOHR ("Tourist Diplomacy") is a Professor of Economics at the University of Puerto Rico.



Hungary, Tibet and the Caribbean

JAMES BURNHAM

In our policy toward the Communist enterprise there is a basic unbalance that must in the long run, if it is not corrected, prove fatal. It may be illustrated, once more, by contrasting the Communist relation to current events in the Caribbean with our relation to the late crises in Tibet and Hungary.

The Caribbean lies inside the boundaries of "our world"—the Free World, as we usually call it. For the United States, main base of the Free World, the Caribbean is a region of prime import—our "strategic threshold." Any sort of trouble in the Caribbean is bad trouble for us.

Hungary and Tibet lie inside "their world"—within the Communist Empire, or "camp of peace and socialism," as they usually call it. For Russia, main base of the Communist world, Hungary is a region of prime import. It guards a major pass between east and west, and is a fulcrum point on the North-South axis. Any trouble in Hungary is bad trouble for Moscow. For Communist China, Tibet is not quite so immediately crucial; but Tibet is a strategic key to the uneasy southwestern and western Chinese provinces, and the advance base for expansion in the Pakistan-India-Burma directions.

Communist Intervention

Now it would not be accurate to say that the Communists caused the current troubles in the Caribbean. The trouble potential was there, with or without the presence of Communists. But what the Soviet agents and local Communists have done and are doing is to maximize that trouble potential, to exacerbate conflicts beyond solution, to guide the turmoil into those channels that do greatest injury to U.S. strategic and economic interests; and meanwhile to enlarge their own forces while planting them in positions of decisive social power.

Moscow long ago made its preparations for these Caribbean days. The first agents founded the Latin American parties in the 1920s. At the end of the Spanish Civil War, thousands of militants trained and hardened under MVD control in Spain were dispatched to South and Central America, to become the core of the activist cadres in all Latin America.

Though Fidel Castro is probably not a Communist, Communists trained his guerrillas, taught him Mao Tse-tung's tactical doctrine, formulated his slogans and his socio-economic program. While he was in the Sierra Maestre, a large portion of his arms and money came, by one or another staging, from Czech and Soviet sources, and much of the remainder from Communists or those duped by Communists in the United States. Communist pressure has determined the anti-Yankee, anti-capitalist, self-destroying course of the "Castro revolution."

With the Cuban lid blown off, the Communist cadres provoke and stiffen the bands of exiles, adventurers, idealists and bandits that harass Panama, Nicaragua, Guatemala, the Dominican Republic, Haiti and the land, sea and air of the entire basin.

The Communists process the political energy of the Caribbean events to their ends. In Africa, Asia and Europe as well as the Americas, the Castro revolution is turned into a magic political bludgeon with which to batter the economic, political and moral foundations of the West.

Western Nonintervention

The contrast between these operations and the Western behavior toward the Hungarian and Tibetan revolts is too complete and too obvious to need detailed statement. We did just next to nothing. We had made no preparations, and had no share in the preliminaries. We did not intervene, directly or indirectly, in mid-crisis. For Hungary the Western leaders made a few platonic speeches; for Tibet, not even that.

How are we to explain this total contrast?

We do nothing because we are afraid to risk nuclear war But that cuts both ways. *They* do not hesitate to take the risk—if it really is a risk—and they get away with it. Why should we suppose that the result would be any different if *we* were intervening in *their* sphere?

It is impossible to operate inside a totalitarian boundary? That excuse is shamefaced nonsense. There would have been no insuperable difficulties in getting arms, medicines, radios, money to the Hungarian and Tibetan Freedom Fighters. Air drops and smuggling are arts highly developed in our day. We could have offered asylum to defecting Soviet soldiers. And much that we could do to exploit *their* troubles does not require direct physical intervention. We too could use the UN as forum. We too could make diplomacy and trade into effective political and economic weapons. We could make our voice heard by all of the enemy's subjects. Instead we bow to the enemy's *Hands Off!* We grant him his privileged sanctuary.

In their excellent recent book, *Protracted Conflict,* the associates of the Foreign Policy Research Institute summarize "the peculiar rules of this strange game . . . and the inevitable result if they are not changed":

"We are not 'containing' the Communists: they are containing us—behind a constantly shrinking perimeter of Free World defenses. Behind the Iron Curtain, the Communist 'peace zone' is closed to our 'interference'; the Free World is the 'war zone' in which the Communists can, with impunity, bring all of their implements of conflict to bear.

"In this 'war zone' we hold, if we are lucky, the ground which the Communists have not yet captured—or we give way. . . The Communists, even were they much less adroit than they have proved to be, cannot help but win."

In relation to the present Caribbean crisis, we seem to be carrying the Hands Off rule a half-world further. We forbear even that use of our power that is required to sweep the drunks—and the rats—off our own doorstep.

National Trends

The Soviet Presence on Capitol Hill

FORREST DAVIS

I had the privilege during one Washington week of sharing with Lewis L. Strauss the wry satisfactions and Kafka-like bewilderment of his final hours as Secretary of Commerce and discussing with an Associate Justice the Supreme Court's "conservative" tendency as disclosed in the October, 1958, term concluded that June day.

I bracket the occasions because each in net and substance bears upon the Soviet presence on Capitol Hill. The climactic experience with Secretary Strauss culminated the Senate majority's unacknowledged and unmanly desire to propitiate the unpropitiable Nikita S. Khrushchev. As for the court, I gathered that the new majority marshalled against the Warren-Black-Douglas-Brennan "rights of man," Jacobin faction in *Barenblatt* and *Uphaus* does not regard itself as obliged to defend our fluid and tractable society against the Soviet presence.

As the shadows covering the Strauss hearing, debate and vote are dissipated by time, the conclusion becomes inescapable that the Admiral was sacrificed because he represented the most formidable opposition in our public life to Soviet stratagems.

The Liberal press has taken by and large a cue from Walter Lippmann's pigeon-livered thesis that the President should have withdrawn the appointment to save embarrassment all around. Although David Lawrence, editorializing in *U. S. News*, bluntly described Strauss' martyrdom as "a Communist victory" and Henry Hazlitt reached a like conclusion in a toughly-reasoned resumé for *Newsweek*, the Liberal press in general missed the crucial point capsulized in the Senate debate by Chairman Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.) of the Commerce Committee.

Should Strauss be confirmed, said Magnuson on the Senate floor, and continue his "hard" policy toward Moscow, we soon would be hearing "the whine of Soviet bombers over Washington." (That other luminary of the Pacific Northwest, Sen. Wayne Morse, stigmatized Strauss in a term of Leninist inspiration as "'an enemy of the people.")

Magnuson's pusillanimous pretext constituted the moment of truth for the Majority. The prevailing Adlai Stevenson-Sen. J. William Fulbright-Americans for Democratic Action wing of the nation wished at bottom to conciliate Khrushchev by removing from public office the statesman who decisively assisted in girding us with the H-bomb, raised defenses against Khrushchev's spies, insisted upon continuing nuclear tests and opposed selling Moscow the industrial means with which to "bury" us. The impulse moving the majority, including the unseasoned freshmen washed into the Senate by last November's landslide, was primarily one of appeasement.

At his Commerce Department desk on the last day of forty years of honorable service to the Republic, Strauss, warmed by a private letter suggesting that his departure stood second only to the loss of John Foster Dulles in the President's regret, and overwhelmed by evidence of national esteem, sardonically reviewed his ordeal and the senatorial defections that cost him confirmation. The prevarications and innuendoes brought against him by the handful of his enemies and the prejudiced reporting by much of the press still rankled. But what most enraged this gallant man was confirmation via an exultant editorial in Moscow's *Pravda* entitled "The Plucked Ostrich" that the Soviet Union had powerful reasons for wishing him destroyed. (In Russian, *strauss*, it seems, means ostrich.)

Strauss was, said *Pravda*, "a reckless atom bomb man [an *atomschik*]." He "contributed much to the nuclear armaments race." He "fittingly crowned his activities on the Atomic Energy Commission by . . . a declaration against the cessation of nuclear weapons testing." As *Pravda's* American authorities on Strauss' "sinister activities," the editorial cited the *Washington Post* and Drew Pearson, a distinction no doubt earned and enjoyed by both.

By an ironical coincidence, while the Senate majority was engaged in placating Soviet malice, the Supreme Court, across Capitol Park, was ending a "disorderly" term in which the Jacobinism of the Warren majority had been at least momentarily curbed. To the immensely learned and facile Justice Felix Frankfurter, who shifted to the anti-Jacobin majority, the contending Justices were divided along lines of Conservatism and Liberalism.

I prefer to describe the schismatics as traditionalists, relying on the Constitution, the statutes and the living body of precedents which is the special grace of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, as against the Jacobins' reliance on strange prophets such as Gunnar Myrdal. (I call the Earl Warren, Hugo Black, William O. Douglas and William J. Brennan faction Jacobins because to me the absolute view of individual privilege *vs.* society, which has been the basis for certain of their decisions affecting internal security and in consequence of assistance to the Communists, finds its closest precedent in the Rousseau-like music of "liberty, equality and fraternity" to which the Jacobin clubs marched in the nascent French revolution.)

Actually, as I deduced on the final Term day, the members of the informal new majority accept no specific necessity to preserve us against the Soviet presence and the Jacobins. The Frankfurters, John M. Harlans and the newest justices, Charles E. Whittaker and Potter Stewart, are preoccupied with strict and precise interpretations of the law in each case without regard for philosophical abstractions or sociological fads.

For that the country should be thankful. But thoughtful and instructed anti-Communists may appropriately reserve their hosannas for such time as the aged Frankfurter and Black exercise their right of retirement, to be replaced, God willing, with appointees as rigorously solicitous for our values and survival against Communism as Justice Tom Clark, the lonely dissenter of the Warren Court.

It Pays to be Libeled in London

Under Britain's tax structure, one thing which still pays off is a successful libel case, as E. Waugh, R. Churchill and A. Bevan have found

ALISTAIR HORNE

A year or so ago the columnist for the London Daily Mirror, *"Cassandra," wrote with reference to Liberace's opening in a local night club, that he was "the biggest sentimental vomit of all times . . . the summit of sex, the pinnacle of masculine, feminine and neuter—everything that he, she and it could want." Those words, a British court held last month, libeled Liberace, and Cassandra and the* Daily Mirror *were ordered to pay $22,400 damages. It is doubtful that Liberace could have got such swift or conclusive satisfaction in America, where the libel laws appear to be comparatively lenient, and prosecution comparatively cumbersome and costly. Since thoughtful libel legislation is a necessary complement to freedom of speech,* NATIONAL REVIEW *plans a long look at existing laws and customs. By way of background, we have from British journalist Alistair Horne, author of* **Back Into Power** *and* The Land Is Bright, *a descriptive summary of the libel situation in England.* ED.

When one of the bouts in the intermittent feud between Evelyn Waugh and the Beaverbrook Press was being fought out in our law courts, a visiting American lawyer was heard to comment (I thought with a slight note of envy in his voice): "You British seem to spend your lives rushing in and out of libel actions." Until then, I must admit, I had never thought we were an unusually litigious race, but the year had certainly been one of the most profitable for the libel experts at the Bar, and the costliest for newspaper proprietors in a very long time.

I know little enough of the law in either England or the United States, but my impression is that you probably *can* get away with murder (murder of reputation, anyway!) in the States. As long ago as 1941, as a schoolboy in New York, I can remember being fascinated by a newspaper headline about a famous murder case in Kenya—"Belted Earl Bumped by Bart." It was a superb piece of journalism, and I hope the sub-editor who composed it was duly promoted. The only trouble was that the trial had not yet taken place, and when it did, "Bart" was acquitted. In England I am reasonably sure that he would have "bumped" the paper for crippling damages for libel; and the editor would probably have been sent to jail for contempt of court. In a more recent case I heard of in Nebraska, where the defendant had alleged the plaintiff "was not reliable, was one of the biggest crooks in the country and . . . would not pay an honest debt," the case was dismissed as constituting "merely derogatory and transitory terms of abuse." Again, I am fairly certain that, had it been an English court, the defendant would have left it a much richer man.

The Difference: Interpretation

As I see it, since so much of the Common Law of both countries stems from the same source, there is in fact not all that amount of difference in the actual laws of libel and slander in the United States and Britain. It is probably in the interpretation of these laws that the big difference, if indeed there is one, lies. The basic British definition of defamation is: "Any statement written or spoken, and any picture or representation which is calculated to bring a person into hatred, contempt or ridicule"—or also if it is "calculated to injure that person in his profession." A further yardstick often employed in the Judge's summing up to the jury is: "Would the words tend to lower the plaintiff in the estimation of right-thinking members of society generally." (Note that in a *libel* case, as opposed to *slander*, no "specific" damage has to be proved; "general" is good enough.)

In English law there is not, as far as I know, any list of "actionable words." It is up to the jury to decide what is or is not defamatory, and it is really only by precedents that one can know these things, and they can be curiously confusing. For instance, one of the standard British works on this subject tells me that "imputations of unchastity to *women*" are defamatory; it appears, however, that it is *not* defamatory to call a woman a hermaphrodite. The book continues: "implications of incontinency in respect of *men* are possibly not actionable unless made offensively." I must admit, I am not quite clear how one can frame such an allegation *inoffensively;* perhaps it just means that you may call a man a Romeo but not a Don Juan, Casanova, Lothario or Bluebeard!

There are four defenses that can be offered by newspapers (provocation, justification, fair comment, and, in recent years, unintentional defamation) but all of these can be destroyed by proof of that one vital little word, *malice.* In the reporting of court proceedings, etc., newspapers are covered with "qualified privilege"; but this privilege can be forfeited if the reporting is inaccurate, or if malice can be proved. In Great Britain, an individual is *not* granted "qualified privilege" to retort in the same vein to defamatory statements made against him "under provocation." The late Lord Reading, Chief Justice, once commented that if a plaintiff has "attacked or in any way provoked the defendant . . . he is hardly likely to receive much sympathy at the hands of the jury." That this is, however, by no means always the case may be deduced from the Evelyn Waugh and Randolph Churchill cases cited later.

Proof of malice can also vitiate the defense of "justification," as in a case which went up to the House of Lords well before the war, where a verdict was given that the words complained of were true, but they were defamatory because they were not "fair comment." Counsels tend to warn their clients off pleading a defense of justification, because of the difficulties involved in proving it and also because a failed plea of justification often aggravates the libel in the eyes of judge and jury. But there have been cases where justification has been proved that have brought dire *indirect* consequences upon the plaintiff. The direst of all occurred as long ago as the reign of Queen Anne, when a plaintiff opened an action for slander against a man who had called him a "highwayman." The defendant pleaded justification so successfully that the plaintiff was subsequently arrested and hanged. In the Oscar Wilde case, it was a similarly successful plea of justification by the Marquess of Queensberry that ended in the conviction of Wilde.

What Is "Fair Comment"?

The third, and most common defense, is that of "fair comment." The book defines this as follows: "It is not actionable to comment fairly and *without malice* on matters of public interest, so long as any facts upon which the comment is based are *accurately* stated." (Italics are mine.) It is over the question of what is and what is not "fair comment" that the great majority of British libel cases are fought; and in the misinterpretation of what is or is not "public interest" that the so-called "popular press" in Britain creates most of its worst impertinences and suffers its worst maulings in court. (Alas, many of the impertinences committed in the name of "public interest," such as nauseous speculation on the love-life of Princess Margaret, are not actionable.) It is also, I suspect, in the interpretation of "fair comment" that the greatest difference between British and American practice lies. For instance, the defense of "fair comment" is not necessarily more broadly construed if the victim of attack is a public figure. I think it is generally considered in England that a politician is entitled to the same protection under the laws of libel and slander as a private citizen. This may or may not be a good thing.

As long ago as 1799, Lord Chief Justice Kenyon declared: "A man may publish anything which twelve of his countrymen think is not blameable." British jurymen through the ages have, however, tended to be more zealous in regarding that truism about the Englishman's home and have usually dealt particularly savagely with newspapers when in a libel action any infringement of a person's privacy has been involved. In general, however, the law was much harder on the press in bygone years. Under the Act of 1819, every newspaper proprietor was compelled to deposit a sum of £300 as a security for payment of fines for seditious or blasphemous libel. Things have never quite reached the point I am told they once did in Hungary under the Hapsburgs where each paper had its "Prison Editor," who was probably its most highly paid employee and whose sole function was to take the rap whenever the paper got into trouble; but distinguished British journalists have from time to time sat it out in jail.

In the most recent amendment to the laws, the Defamation Act of 1952, yet another defense was created—that of "unintentional defamation." An action lost by the *Daily Express* in 1940 where libel had been alleged, not by the actual victim, but by a *namesake*, is the sort of case where a newspaper would now be protected. To use this plea successfully, however, the defendant must prove that he had "exercised all reasonable care" in his publication.

The need of truth is more sacred than any other need. Yet it is never mentioned. One feels afraid to read when once one has realized the quantity and monstrousness of the material falsehoods shamelessly paraded, even in the books of the most reputable authors. Thereafter one reads as though one were drinking from a contaminated well. We all know that when journalism becomes indistinguishable from organized lying, it constitutes a crime. But we think it is a crime impossible to punish. What is there to stop the punishment of activities once they are recognized to be criminal ones? Where does this strange notion of nonpunishable crime come from? It constitutes one of the most monstrous deformations of the judicial spirit.

SIMONE WEIL
in *The Need for Roots*

British Damages Higher

One further impression I have of British versus American libel actions is that damages awarded here tend, relatively, to be substantially higher. Except in cases of "contemptuous damages" (such as when Whistler was granted a farthing for Ruskin's allegation that he had asked "two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face"), a successful plaintiff nearly always gets his costs paid in full by the other side. The services of lawyers are also considerably cheaper in England; therefore, on the score of both risks and rewards, it is probably much more profitable to launch into a libel action in England than in the United States.

As the secret formula for making a packet in the English libel courts depends so much on precedents, it may be worth reviewing briefly some of the more notable actions that have taken place here in the past few years. One might start, chronologically, with case of Kemsley *v.* Foot in 1952, which was unusual insofar as it found the Kemsley Press, for once, in the plaintiff's box—not that it did it much good. Michael Foot, a well-known Bevanite, had written an article in the *Tribune* attacking the Beaverbrook Press, under the caption "Lower than Kemsley." The Kemsley Press felt itself affronted, but, on appealing to the Lords, the appeal was dismissed with the devastating verdict: "The criticism was that that Press was a low one. . . . In the present case there was a sufficient substratum of fact for the purpose of a plea of fair comment."

Two years later, the Kemsley Press was again in trouble; this time it was the highly respectable Sunday *Times*, which was sued by one of its contributors, Miss Honor Tracy. The case was illustrative of the worst pitfalls into which a paper can fall, while acting apparently in the best of faith. Miss Tracy, an Irish Roman Catholic, had written an article for the Sunday *Times* complaining that money collected from the poor parishioners of her village had been used to build the priest a £9,000 house. The priest promptly sued the paper for £5,000 damages. Having promised the author that they would defend both themselves and her, the Sunday *Times* was then apparently advised by its lawyers that it stood little chance of winning the case in an Irish court, and decided to settle out of court (for £750) and apologize. The apology printed by the Sunday *Times* (without Miss Tracy's approval) admitted an "unjustifiable attack on the character and position" of the priest. Miss Tracy later sued the paper on the grounds that the words "implied that she was an irresponsible journalist prepared to write articles recklessly, not caring whether they were true or not, and was a person whom no newspaper or broadcasting corporation should employ." She was awarded £3,000 damages.

The Churchill Affair

Then one comes to the renowned case of Randolph Churchill (the bellicose heir of WSC) versus *The People*. For some time the younger Churchill, a somewhat controversial figure who at one time or another has had words with practically every organ in Fleet Street, had been conducting a highly courageous and outspoken one-man campaign against "pornography" in the British press. In a series of lashing speeches he spared nobody, not even the editor of the *Times*. Churchill's principal grudge against that organ was that it never printed his attacks on press pornographers. In a book which he later published, he admitted that, because of this censorship, he had begun to "trail his coat" in the hopes of provoking a libel action which would give him the platform he wanted. As it happened, none of the "wealthy pornographers" whom he had so vigorously assailed by name took any action at all. Finally, it was *The People*, one of the nastier English Sundays, and Socialist to boot, which gave him the opportunity he required by referring to him, in the heat of the 1955 election, as a "paid hack." Churchill leapt on these words, and, supported by one of the brightest counsels in the land, went to court on the grounds that the words were defamatory and "hitting below the belt." During the hearings that ensued, the plaintiff used the witness box to get in some telling blows at *all* his targets among those who were debasing the British press. His evidence contained some really classical repartee, well worthy of the name of Churchill. But, to everybody's astonishment, he not only got the publicity he had sought—but £5,000 in damages as well!

Randolph Churchill

Thus began one of the most expensive years in the history of the British popular press. The next notable action (in February 1957) was that of Evelyn Waugh *v.* Nancy Spain and the *Daily Express*. This bore a certain similarity to the preceding case insofar as Evelyn Waugh, also a controversial figure, had been involved in a minor feud with the defendants. It started when Nancy Spain, the leading book critic of the *Express,* accompanied by a faintly comical peer called Lord Noel-Buxton, set forth to interview the unapproachable Waugh in his country retreat. The author, who values his privacy more than most, threw out the intruders with some vigor—whereupon Miss Spain's noble companion was heard to wail: "I'm not here on business, I'm a member of the House of Lords!" The absurd episode was duly recorded in the *Spectator* by Evelyn Waugh, together with an article referring to recent investigation as to which literary critics sold the most books by their reviews, which concluded: "The Beaverbrook Press is no longer listed as having influence at all." Nancy Spain promptly retaliated in the *Daily Express*: "There is a war between Evelyn Waugh and me. He said some weeks ago in a literary weekly that the *Express* had no influence on the book trade. The *Express,* he complains, sold only 300 of HIS novels. He once had a book chosen by the Book Society, so that sold well. But the total first edition sales of all his other titles are dwarfed by brother Alec. *Island in the Sun* (Cassells 16s) foretold by me as year's run-away Best Seller has now topped 60 thousand copies as a direct result of my *Daily Express* notice. . ."

Waugh opened a suit for libel, claiming that the words used by Nancy Spain meant that he was an unsuccessful and embittered writer, pointing out that in fact his sales were over *4.25 million.* Nancy Spain countered with a plea of libel against Waugh's *Spectator* article, which she claimed was defamatory of her as a journalist and literary critic. Waugh was awarded £2,000.

Less than two months later, he again went to bat against the Beaverbrook Press, this time alleging defamation by an article which claimed that he and another writer had "created a climate of crack-brained confusion between virtues and vices . . . a climate in which the traitor flourishes. For many years Mr. Evelyn Waugh has been implying that the worthless and dissolute are more worthy than people who are in fact worthy and keep sober. . . . From his works one can foretell a new hagiography in which the saints will not be depicted as giving their cloaks to poor men in the snow but as being sadly in need of cloaks themselves, being helpless in the snow owing to alcoholic excess." As this came so soon after the previous case, the plaintiff alleged malice and was awarded £3,000 in damages.

Patino v. *Kemsley*

Running concurrently with the first Evelyn Waugh action, was the Patino *v.* Kemsley Newspapers case. The article in issue was one entitled "Pity those Patinos" by a journalist rejoicing in the name of Terence Feely. It stated that, after her marriage to Mr. Jaime-Ortiz Patino, a Bolivian tin millionaire, Mrs. Joanne Patino was five weeks later "in a Rome clinic being treated for nervous debility," and that "In the divorce suit which followed, she alleged that the reason for her flight was the cruel nature of her husband's affection." The defendants denied that the words referred to the plaintiff, or that they were defamatory. At the same time they entered an alternative plea of justification. This was a dangerous thing to do. Mrs. Patino subsequently refused to give evidence for the defense, so that the defendants had no option but to drop the defense of justification and completely withdraw their allegations against Mr. Patino. In summing up, the plaintiff's counsel said: "What is needed is a verdict which would make newspaper directors who indulge in these things realize that libel does not pay." After sitting for two and a half hours, the jury awarded damages of £20,000, plus costs—the second highest on record.

Laborites Sue

While the gutter press was still recovering its nerve from the Patino award, it was an action brought by Messrs. Bevan, Crossman and Morgan Phillips against the *Spectator* which rounded off a roisterously good year for the lawyers. An article entitled "Death in Venice" by a Miss Jenny Nicholson, published in March 1957, had remarked that at the 23rd National Congress of the Italian Socialist Party the three distinguished British Socialists "puzzled the Italians by their capacity to fill themselves like tanks with whisky and coffee." It continued: "Although the Italians were never sure if the British delegation was sober, they always attributed to them an immense political acumen." The defendants made no attempt to plead *justification;* no doubt a plea of justification might have been awkward to prove what, in this case, was the capacity of a "tank" —one, ten or 100 gallons?—and there was always the likelihood that it might have prompted judge and jury to multiply the damages. As a result they got away with having to pay up £2,500 to each plaintiff; plus, of course, costs. There were many who thought the *Spectator* had got off lightly; certainly compared with the earlier *coups* of Messrs. Waugh and Churchill, it seemed that the jury had placed only a very moderate value on the reputation for sobriety of a potential (heaven forfend!) British Foreign Secretary.

On the very day the verdict on the Bevan-Crossman-Phillips case was announced, the *Spectator* published a searing attack—a real classic, in the best tradition of its waspish eighteenth-century forefathers, Addison and Steele—on the editor, no less, of the *Times,* Sir William Haley. The occasion was a book review of an anthology of dreary literary articles that appear weekly in the *Times* under the pseudonym of "Oliver Edwards." Identifying the author with the editor of the mighty *Thunderer,* the *Spectator* review queried: "who else could have written such rubbish? . . . so small, so narrow is its author's mind, so silly his views, so defective his judgment, so appalling his style." Finally, rising to a superb crescendo of invective, the *Spectator* review resorted to the vocative tense, with an annihilating "you shocking old fraud."

Libelous? Defamatory? While writing a book about America recently, I had wanted to get at a certain British critic who once boasted of having made this astonishingly supercilious remark over the U.S. radio: "You have had only two poets in America —one classical, Walt Whitman, and one modern, Robert Frost." I had wanted to say something to the effect, "Were these perhaps the only two American poets X had ever heard of?" But my publisher blanched when he read it, and struck it out on the grounds that it might be defamatory of the man's professional reputation. Well, if that was defamatory and if Randolph Churchill can collect £5,000 for being called a "paid hack," I would have thought "Oliver Edwards" had a fair chance of reaping more from the *Spectator* for the epithet of "shocking old fraud" than ever the royalties on his anthology are likely to bring him. Yet I am told that nothing more menacing has emerged from the *Times* office than a reproachful letter to the *Spectator* from one of the Astor family. It goes to show that with libel in England you just never know.

From the cases I have cited above, is it to be deduced that we are reasonable or overzealous in our attitude towards libel and the press in this country? In an article entitled "How to Lose £40,000 in a Fortnight" (published, ironically enough, in the same issue of the *Spectator* that had cost it £7,500, plus costs!), Randolph Churchill commented approvingly of the Patino case: ". . . it now looks as if British juries are on the warpath against those wealthy malefactors and will impose upon them punitive and even prohibitive damages which will affect their balance sheets. And high time too." Indeed, few decent-thinking Englishmen would begrudge Señor Patino one penny of the damages he was awarded, and many of us wish that more of the thousands who every day have their privacy impertinently and unwarrantably invaded by the gutter press—but who shun the extra publicity afforded by a law case—would take their tormentors to court. But one cannot sometimes help feeling that the rigidly interpreted British libel laws result in the *wrong* people getting protection. I am thinking particularly of the Randolph Churchill and Evelyn Waugh cases cited above, and to a lesser degree (because it was more flagrantly defamatory) of the Bevan *v. Spectator* case. They are, after all, "professionals" in the cut-and-thrust trade. They all have access to newspaper organs from which to return the attack.

If nothing else, it can be argued that the alacrity with which the "pros" resort to the courts has an impoverishing effect on English prose. Much of what is currently written by British journalists is dull and meaningless enough anyway, without it being made still more so by the constant fear of a libel action with some public figure. The scurrilous, lashing diatribes of the political pamphleteers of the eighteenth century are, alas, long dead; under present conditions it is unlikely that our adrenalin glands will ever again be stimulated by such rousing dialogue as the famous exchange between John Wilkes and Lord Sandwich.[1] That, I think, is a pity. I for one would like to see a little more healthy knockabout in English public life.

Finally, before NATIONAL REVIEW embarks on an all-out campaign to harden the effect of American libel

(*Continued on p. 212*)

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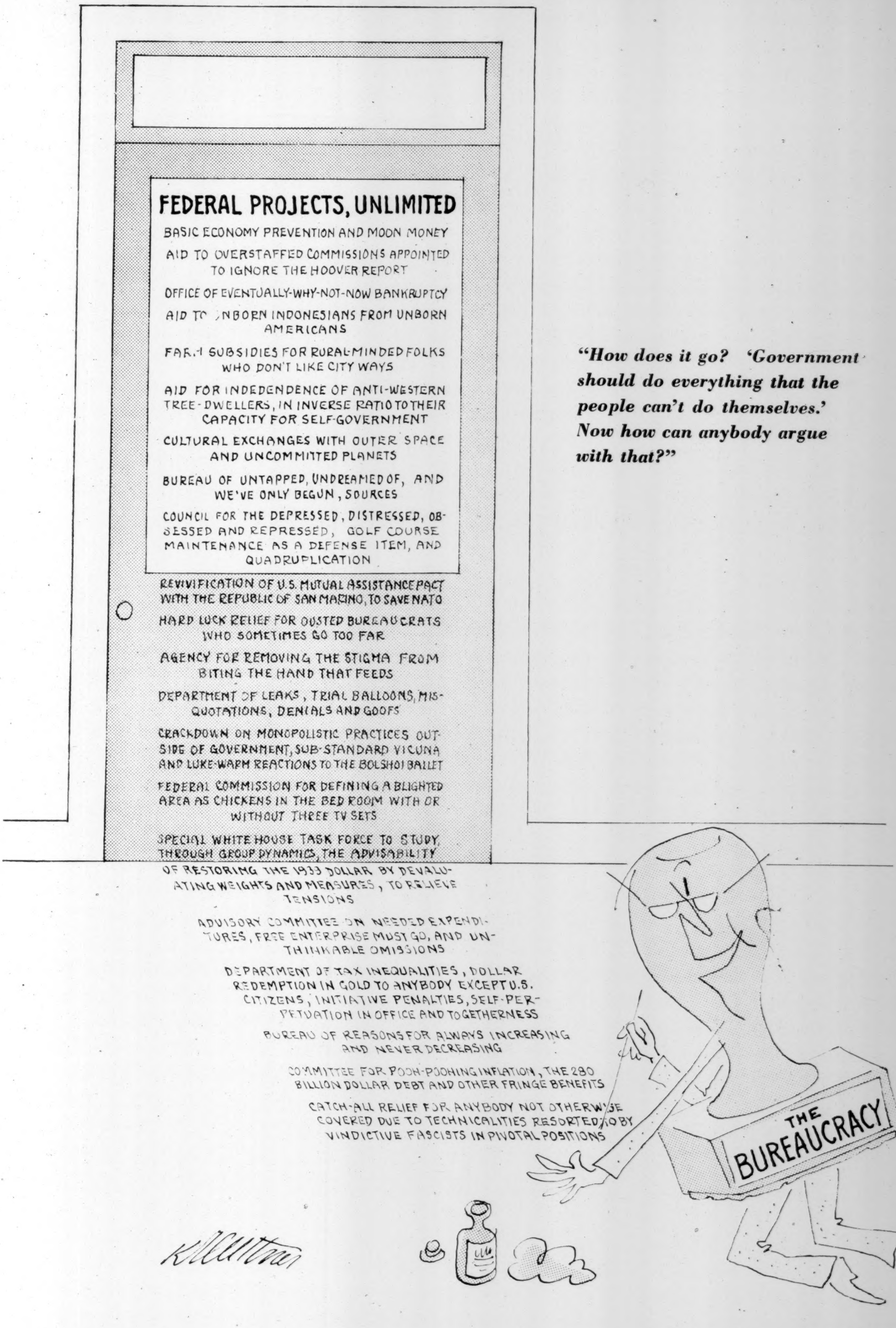
[1] "Wilkes, you will die of a pox or on the gallows."
"That depends, my Lord, on whether I embrace your principles or your mistress."


FEDERAL PROJECTS, UNLIMITED
BASIC ECONOMY PREVENTION AND MOON MONEY
AID TO OVERSTAFFED COMMISSIONS APPOINTED TO IGNORE THE HOOVER REPORT
OFFICE OF EVENTUALLY-WHY-NOT-NOW BANKRUPTCY
AID TO UNBORN INDONESIANS FROM UNBORN AMERICANS
FARM SUBSIDIES FOR RURAL-MINDED FOLKS WHO DON'T LIKE CITY WAYS
AID FOR INDEDENDENCE OF ANTI-WESTERN TREE-DWELLERS, IN INVERSE RATIO TO THEIR CAPACITY FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT
CULTURAL EXCHANGES WITH OUTER SPACE AND UNCOMMITTED PLANETS
BUREAU OF UNTAPPED, UNDREAMED OF, AND WE'VE ONLY BEGUN, SOURCES
COUNCIL FOR THE DEPRESSED, DISTRESSED, OBSESSED AND REPRESSED, GOLF COURSE MAINTENANCE AS A DEFENSE ITEM, AND QUADRUPLICATION
REVIVIFICATION OF U.S. MUTUAL ASSISTANCE PACT WITH THE REPUBLIC OF SAN MARINO, TO SAVE NATO
HARD LUCK RELIEF FOR OUSTED BUREAUCRATS WHO SOMETIMES GO TOO FAR
AGENCY FOR REMOVING THE STIGMA FROM BITING THE HAND THAT FEEDS
DEPARTMENT OF LEAKS, TRIAL BALLOONS, MISQUOTATIONS, DENIALS AND GOOFS
CRACKDOWN ON MONOPOLISTIC PRACTICES OUTSIDE OF GOVERNMENT, SUB-STANDARD VICUNA AND LUKE-WARM REACTIONS TO THE BOLSHOI BALLET
FEDERAL COMMISSION FOR DEFINING A BLIGHTED AREA AS CHICKENS IN THE BED ROOM WITH OR WITHOUT THREE TV SETS
SPECIAL WHITE HOUSE TASK FORCE TO STUDY, THROUGH GROUP DYNAMICS, THE ADVISABILITY OF RESTORING THE 1933 DOLLAR BY DEVALUATING WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, TO RELIEVE TENSIONS
ADVISORY COMMITTEE ON NEEDED EXPENDITURES, FREE ENTERPRISE MUST GO, AND UNTHINKABLE OMISSIONS
DEPARTMENT OF TAX INEQUALITIES, DOLLAR REDEMPTION IN GOLD TO ANYBODY EXCEPT U.S. CITIZENS, INITIATIVE PENALTIES, SELF-PERPETUATION IN OFFICE AND TOGETHERNESS
BUREAU OF REASONS FOR ALWAYS INCREASING AND NEVER DECREASING
COMMITTEE FOR POOH-POOHING INFLATION, THE 280 BILLION DOLLAR DEBT AND OTHER FRINGE BENEFITS
CATCH-ALL RELIEF FOR ANYBODY NOT OTHERWISE COVERED DUE TO TECHNICALITIES RESORTED TO BY VINDICTIVE FASCISTS IN PIVOTAL POSITIONS
THE BUREAUCRACY

"How does it go? 'Government should do everything that the people can't do themselves.' Now how can anybody argue with that?"

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Unruffled Berlin

After everything is said and done, it seems a healthy sign that free Europe was so little dismayed by the failure of the Geneva Conference. Only occasionally one wonders whether our thick—and ever-thickening—skin is such a boundless blessing after all. I have just talked to a West Berliner, freshly arrived from his besieged city, where nervousness is apparently (as usual) zero—and this in spite of the courageous decision to hold the West German presidential elections in "the town of the little bear." The "provocative" building activity continues as if nothing had happened and as if nothing *could* happen. No human or material transfers are being made from this embattled sector to the free West. And while East Berlin stagnates, its Western counterpart increases its capitalist splendor.

All this does not imply that a number of bright, intelligent and far-sighted people in the Federal Republic are not inwardly torn in their sentiments about the defense of their old capital. Berlin, after all, may be the historic intellectual, cultural and political center of Prussia, but it was not a German capital prior to 1871. When Madame de Staël arrived in Vienna early in the nineteenth century and wrote her famous (though overly romantic) *De L'Allemagne,* she noted that she had "at long last arrived in the German capital." And even today one finds in Vienna the insignia of the "Realm of the Germans," the Holy Roman Empire. When in 1815 the German League was founded, its delegates met far from Berlin, in Frankfurt, the city where Hapsburgs were crowned for many centuries. It was the Austrian delegate who permanently headed the Diet and alone had the right to smoke —greatly irritating one of the Prussian delegates, a young Herr von Bismarck, who thought that once and for all such a privilege should be abolished. (He was a heavy smoker.)

For a long time in the past, and even today among many people, the Prussians were considered to be anything but genuine Germans; one saw in them simply "colonials," Slavs and Balts with a thin German veneer, who had worshipped Perkunos and Pompillos while the old Germanic tribes in their forests had prayed to Wotan and Thor. And it is quite true that, while Austria's Maria Theresa exhorted Marie Antoinette, *l'Autrichienne,* to prove herself to the French a good German, the King of Prussia and friend of Voltaire, Frederic II, declared that the German language was not fit for literary purposes. (He could not even spell it.) In the beginning of the eighteenth century at least one third of the Berliners were French Huguenot refugees, providing Prussia with the backbone for a modern state, with officers, merchants, administrators and "industrialists," transforming a happy-go-lucky feudal state into an effective, aggressive modern one.

Why Bonn Was Chosen

Prussia, in the view of many Germans, developed in the nineteenth century the noisy fervor of a convert to Germanism and endowed the "German Empire" (which it established by conquest) with the many aggressive, disagreeable characteristics which made the German name so odious over so large a part of the world. True, it was Hitler, an Austrian, who produced the horrors of National Socialism, but, apart from the Saxons and Thuringians, the Prussians had the highest percentage of Nazi voters. Old Bavaria, strangely, where Hitler began his career, had one of the lowest Nazi percentages in the last free election and it was here that Nazism failed in 1923. If Austria, together with her German allies, had won the war of 1866, Vienna would still be the German capital and our whole history would have taken quite a different turn—American history too, to be sure.

The selfsame Germans who talk this way regret that Adenauer, after the establishment of the German Federal Republic, did not choose Frankfurt as its capital, because this choice would have had the character of a certain historic finality. Instead Bonn was picked—the truly provisional "Federal Village" (*das Bundesdorf*). At the time, political reasons were raised against Frankfurt, but they should have been disregarded. Now, obviously, it seems disloyal and even traitorous to discard Berlin as the capital; one has to reaffirm its basic character of an all-German metropolis in order not to play into the hands of the Communists (the Big Bears) and betray a truly magnificent people—the Berliners themselves. It was this notion which prompted staunch anti-Prussians to support the somewhat demonstrative choice of West Berlin as the place for the presidential elections by both Houses of the Diet.

The Berliners

Historic truth, political necessity, human decency, prudence, Machiavellian shrewdness, and constructive wisdom do not always coincide. One ought not to demand the "eternal destruction of Prussia" out of a resentment of an overbearing Germanic tribe, yet one really should take a definite stand against a revival of Prussian hegemony. We must remember also that the Berliners are not typical Prussians. They are rather a cosmopolitan cocktail of various German tribes. And there is no doubt that at the present moment considerations of the past must of necessity take a back seat to considerations of the present and future.

One ought to think primarily in human and in tactical terms. One ought not to cling to Berlin because it is supposedly the natural capital of Germany, but because it is suicidal to surrender another square inch of territory to Red tyranny; and because the two million West Berliners who blindly trust the West (and who, have never in the past produced a totalitarian majority in free elections) have shown indomitable courage. To desert brave people is an act of immorality, an act of moral suicide.

Communist Armageddon

Iraq, Lebanon, Quemoy, Berlin, Algeria, Cuba. Could troubles in those countries have been part of the Communist master plan that failed?

LEO DUDIN

In his recent speech at New Orleans Allen W. Dulles, Director of the CIA, stated that the present leaders of the Sino-Soviet bloc have not abandoned their goal of communizing the world. But at the same time he felt that Khrushchev is convinced that the final victory of Communism can be achieved without World War III and does not desire to provoke hostilities with the U.S. or the Western world at this time.

Seemingly these two statements are incompatible. But there is a deep logic in them if we agree that the Communist grand strategy combines military threat, economic offensive, world-wide subversive operations and psychological warfare. The Cold War is nothing more than a combination of some of these basic elements of Communist strategy applied locally and on a piecemeal basis. What would happen if all these elements were ever applied simultaneously and on a world-wide scale, but in such a manner that we and our allies would feel it impossible to make full use of our deterrent force? This would be the Communist Armageddon which would decisively change the present balance of power and make the final Communist victory almost inevitable.

The prospect seems so nightmarish that we are naturally inclined to discard it as wild fantasy, but there are indications that such a Communist plan did exist and that dramatic events of the last eighteen months—conflicts in Taiwan Straits and Berlin, the Middle East crisis, intensification of the Algerian war, troubles in Latin America, revolution in Cuba, ghost of a Communist revolution in France in May 1958, Communist-inspired strikes all over the world, etc.—could easily have been parts of such a general plan which, because of some unforeseen turn of events, failed to be executed in full.

If such a plan really did exist, it seems likely that it could have been adopted and approved at the big Communist gathering in Moscow in November 1957 which brought together leaders and high officials of 64 Communist parties. Nothing was ever published about these prolonged talks except the final communiqué signed by the Soviet Union, Communist China and ten satellites (Tito refused to sign), and a loosely worded "Peace Manifesto" signed by all 64 participants.

Soviet Blueprint for 1958

This meeting took place at a time when world affairs seemed highly favorable for Communists. The Middle East was swept by a huge wave of violently anti-Western Arab nationalism. Asia and Africa were permeated by the "spirit of the Bandung conference." Pro-Soviet and anti-Western feelings reached their zenith in India, Burma and Indonesia. The crushing defeat of France in Algeria seemed inevitable and the Communist chances for coming to power in Paris looked very promising. Relations between London and Washington were strained, Italy experienced one governmental crisis after another and the economic recession in the U.S. threatened to undermine the economic basis of the Western world.

In addition, two new and powerful factors, decisively influencing the entire course of USSR policy, must have become evident to the Soviet leaders towards the fall of 1957.

1. The USSR caught up with America in the production of atomic and hydrogen weapons and gained a temporary superiority in some types of rocket armaments, as vividly demonstrated by the Sputniks.

2. The Hungarian revolt must have convinced Kremlin leaders that they would not long be able to hold in subjugation the hundreds of millions enslaved by Communism. Discontent continued to simmer in Poland, China, East Germany and in the USSR itself, and no one could predict how it would boil over on the first suitable occasion.

All these factors could have driven Khrushchev, who had emerged by that time as the supreme Communist leader, to decisive action. Further delays could be dangerous, therefore it seems highly probable that the Moscow conference in November 1957 approved and adopted a general plan for the following decisive actions in 1958:

In the Middle East the Arabs would be used to kindle a great conflagration, and when this situation had become acute, Peking would strike at Formosa, while the Korean and Vietnamese Communists either attacked South Korea and South Vietnam, or made threatening military moves. Aid to Algerian nationalists would be intensified to enable them to win a decisive military victory. This would inevitably topple the government in Paris and give the French Communists an opportunity to form a Popular Front government whose major task would be to cripple NATO. In the Far East, Communists in Burma and Indonesia would get the upper hand in the U Nu and Sukarno governments.

As supporting actions to these major operations, Communists of Latin America would stage strikes, demonstrations and even revolutions, following the line taken by the Communist Party of Cuba. East Germans (with or without active Soviet participation) would impose another blockade on West Berlin. Communists elsewhere would stage anti-Western demonstrations, crippling strikes and huge propaganda campaigns intended to paralyze all Western attempts at a counteroffensive.

The USSR itself would not be directly involved in these operations. Its function would be that of keeping America "in check" with the threat of massive retaliation with missiles and atomic and hydrogen weapons, thereby preventing any decisive countermeasures by Washington. It would send out numerous notes, letters, memoranda and other propagandistic papers pleading with the West not to oppose the "just cause, the progressive movement," etc.

Global Smoke Screen

Quite a while—from six to twelve months—was required for the preparation and coordination of such a broad plan of action. Therefore, the trigger date would be some time in the summer or early autumn of 1958, and things did begin to happen roughly at that time—all over the globe. To gain time and dissemble its true aims, the Kremlin had to invent a major diplomatic maneuver, a global smoke screen. And we remember that right after the November meeting, Bulganin launched his protracted and intentionally pointless diplomatic correspondence about a Summit meeting while Communists and fellow travelers planted in the world press the idea that Khrushchev sincerely desired to reduce world tensions. Menshikov was sent to Washington to charm our public and was given a free hand in how he went about it.

Under cover of the Summit maneuver, the Communist master plan or the "plan maximum," if we use the Marxist lingo, was launched. At least this seems probable. Such a plan fits Khrushchev's character as a gambler and corresponds in every detail to Lenin's prescriptions for world revolution. Did not Khrushchev himself reveal the existence of such a plan when—shortly after the November Communist gathering—he boasted at a reception in a Western embassy in Moscow: "We shall bury you"?

But almost from the start, the plan began to be thrown out of gear. First Tito withdrew, excusing his desertion on grounds of "ideological differences." Moscow and Peking repeatedly accused Tito not of just ideological deviation, but of desertion and even betraying the so-called "world camp of Socialism." Tito himself hinted at the truth when he accused Mao of seeking a large-scale war in Asia and of being prepared to sacrifice, if necessary, the lives of 300 million Chinese.

Then Nasser annexed Syria and so ruined the plans of Syrian Communists. The landing of U.S. troops in Lebanon and of British forces in Jordan prevented general war in the Middle East after the Iraqi revolt, although it did not change the course of events in Iraq itself. The dramatic visit of Vice President Nixon to Latin America provoked local Communists into premature actions which revealed their true face. This helped Latin governments to increase their vigilance against Communist subversion in this hemisphere. But most important, the triumph of General de Gaulle in France changed the entire political picture in western Europe. It was a major Communist defeat and aggravated by the fact that the French Communist Party fell short of Moscow's expectations.

At the end of July 1958, Khrushchev and his Minister of Defense, Marshal Malinovsky, flew secretly to Peking. The Quemoy crisis followed. The strangeness of Red China's military operations during that crisis can be explained only partially by the strong stand of the United States. Moscow and Peking — when they started that operation—could not and certainly did not expect any other reaction from Washington. It seems plausible that the unusual tactics of Red China on Quemoy were adopted by Khrushchev and Mao during their July conference simply because all the other operations of the Communist master plan had already failed.

Their problem at the time was whether to continue with the prepared assault of Quemoy and Taiwan or to call the whole operation off. They decided, it seems, to go on but on a limited scale, to switch from the "plan maximum" to the "plan minimum" not only in the Taiwan Straits, but elsewhere. This tactic is one of constant probing, needling, or harassing the West wherever a soft spot can be detected.

The present conflict over Berlin—despite all inherent dangers—is, from the Communist point of view, a component of a "plan minimum," just one of a series of protracted individual harassing actions. Such "minimum plan" actions will follow one another until Moscow decides that the time is ripe again for application of a new Communist "plan maximum."

IT PAYS TO BE LIBELED . . .

(*Continued from p.* 208)

laws, I would suggest one further potential danger that confronts a society if it treats defamation *too* literally and *too* harshly. That is the power of censorship it provides publishers, and particularly news vendors, over journalists and writers. In England a news vendor is liable if he "repeats a libel" by selling defamatory material. There have been occasions where this ruling has been strictly interpreted, and reference to these cases gives a news vendor a ready excuse if, for political, personal, or whatever other reason, he wishes to suppress a certain book or paper. As one example, in his book, *What I Said about the Press,* Randolph Churchill revealed that W. H. Smith and Sons (who control one third of all the bookselling trade in Great Britain) refused to handle pamphlets of speeches he had made attacking press "pornographers"—on "legal advice." But in fact, as previously mentioned, no press lord ever came forward to sue Churchill; as a result it might well be inferred, as Churchill did, that W. H. Smith and Sons were acting more out of consideration for the feelings of their principal suppliers—the newspapermen attacked by Churchill—than out of genuine fear of libel proceedings. A similar case, concerning the same booksellers, occurred when an American journal was declared to have committed contempt of court in its comments during a recent murder trial. ("Contempt" is of course not libel, but in this context the results were parallel.) The judge demanded the seizure of all copies of the magazine, and warned book vendors that they too would be liable. In a fit of panic, Smith temporarily banned sales of *all* American periodicals for fear they might contain "contemptuous" material. Thus the threat of libel, or contempt, if sufficiently exaggerated, *could* provide a dangerous weapon of censorship in the hands of an unscrupulous news vendor.

Tourist Diplomacy: A Dissenting View

Americans shouldn't behave like diplomats when they travel abroad; Europeans admire their exuberant individualism

LEOPOLD KOHR

Lately quite a bit has been written about American unpopularity abroad, particularly in Europe. It is not only paradoxical but ironical that our effort to restore the economic and political independence of a whole string of European countries should be rewarded with a dislike surpassed only by the dislike Europeans have for the Russians from whose imperialistic grip our continued assistance is saving them. We do our best not to hurt their sensitivities. Whenever a group of American tourists sets out to cross the Atlantic, its members are furnished with directions from travel agencies, transportation lines, the Department of State and even the President, advising them how to behave when in Europe. Everyone is admonished that he must consider himself an ambassador of good will. "Understand the people you are visiting," he is told. "Be courteous wherever you go." "Don't spend conspicuously in the impoverished countries of the Old World." "Be reserved." And what is the result? We are disliked more, and by more people, than ever before in our history.

Probably the principal reason for our loss of popularity is our ascendency as the primary world power. As to this, there is nothing we can do about it that we would be willing to do. Under the circumstances, the only sensible reaction on our part is to face the realties of life and not to bother. If people dislike us—let them. Power and love have never been companions to each other and, if those who have power also insist on being loved, they will not receive love but ridicule, and justly so.

However, there is one cause behind the mounting dislike of Americans abroad, about which something could be done. This is the behavior of the individual American citizen. By this I do not mean his *mis*behavior but his *good* behavior which he sports on the assumption, encouraged by so many well-meaning private and public agencies, that he must always think of himself as a representative and diplomat of his country when traveling in an alien world. One might ask, why should he place a mortgage on the pleasure of his vacation by submitting to the restraints of diplomacy, a duty for which he pays taxes so that the *government* takes care of it, not he? But above all, who on earth ever thinks of Americans as well-mannered diplomats, who behave in Vienna as the Viennese and in Rome as the Romans? Instead of contributing to the reputation of the United States, this is more likely to detract from it, for as Romans we could at best give a second-rate performance. And what Roman wants to see another Roman? He already has a million of them. What he wants to see is an American—not an American of polish and restraint, but an American of exuberance and freedom.

The American who has touched the heart of Europeans and evoked their longings in a world of wearisome poverty and inhibitions is the carefree cowboy, the self-made, rough and free-spending millionaire, the defier of conventions. The first American to inspire my admiration when I still lived in surroundings in which everything was prim and proper and subdued, was one who put his feet where they should not have been. And, as a former German, now a Professor at Rutgers, tells me, the first to create in him the desire to live in the United States was an American, sprawled comfortably across five seats in an upholstered first-class compartment on a German railroad, who advised a conductor, trying in vain to open a window, to smash it. The display of such an attitude of irreverence toward state property convinced him more of the reality of American individualism than any official propaganda could have done.

For the same reason, and contrary to the apparent belief of our statesmen, it is not the free-spending American who damages our reputation in a less fortunate continent, but the modest tourist who, by going around on bicycles and staying in cheap hotels, can hardly be considered a persuasive symbol of what we claim as one of the principal assets of the American system—our superior standard of living. This is why it was a first-rate blunder when recently, after pressure by our public, some American millionaires, intent on having a conspicuously good time by traveling in private planes across Europe, were made to feel so miserable after a few highly publicized gay nights in Copenhagen that, by the time they reached Brussels, they thought it wiser to give an example in conspicuous abstention. Before, they were showered with comments that showed traces of the old affection and fascination Europeans used to have for their American cousins. Afterward, they did not rate a line, either of reproach or of compliment.

This seems to indicate that our assumption of world power has not necessarily destroyed all chances of regaining the affection and popularity previously enjoyed by the United States throughout the world. At least part of it could undoubtedly be restored if our travelers were again encouraged to behave, not like trained diplomats carrying out a public mission and officially representing the interests of their country, but like plain, uninhibited, bragging, imaginative, magnanimous and free-spending Americans pursuing, for better or for worse, their self-chosen pleasures and their self-rewarding ends.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Are Teachers Underpaid?

Schoolmasters never have been so well paid, or held in such high repute, as they might like. Lord Auchinleck, Boswell's father, disliking his guest the great Dr. Samuel Johnson, described that man of genius contemptuously as "that old dominie." To become a schoolmaster in Britain, almost until this century, commonly was in consequence of failing to secure preferment in the Church: "the stickit minister." Low public esteem usually carries with it low material rewards; and that the average village teacher should be paid little more than a common laborer was accepted throughout most of the world, down the centuries, as in the nature of things. The value which old China attached to literary acquirements is very rare in the procession of history.

This status of the teacher is an historical fact. We must take with some grains of salt, therefore, the frequent complaint of the spokesmen of the National Education Association and such bodies to the effect that America does not respect teachers as a civilized people ought, nor pay them according to their deserts. In plain fact, the American teacher is as well paid, relatively and absolutely, as teachers ever have been in the Western world; and if he is not much respected—well, respect, like power, cannot be conferred; it must be grasped, compelled, unwillingly extorted from a reluctant and naturally envious public. It's no go to murmur, "*Please* respect me! Really, I'm very respectable, and you ought to think so, too, and give me special consideration." A gentleman has been defined as a person who never calls himself one.

In Mr. Roger Freeman's valuable study *School News in the Decade Ahead* (Institute for Social Science Research, 917 15th Street, N.W., Washington 5, D.C., $5.00), are some useful figures on the income of our public school teachers. The typical classroom teacher's salary is less than five thousand dollars, which is not affluence. But the teacher's income—contrary to the impression which the NEA and others try to create—has been increasing more rapidly than the income of Americans generally, as Mr. Freeman proves by a close statistical analysis. Between 1929 and 1957, per capita income generally in the United States rose 74 per cent; but the salaries of teachers rose 94 per cent. Earnings of all workers (earners of wages and salaries) rose 82 per cent during this period; teachers' salaries, 12 per cent more than that. Between 1929 and 1956, only three major categories of workers' earnings increased more than those of teachers: miners, communications workers, and transportation workers (*vide* John L. Lewis and James Hoffa)—107 per cent, 97 per cent and 93 per cent, respectively. But teachers' salaries, during this time, rose a very satisfactory 90 per cent—better than the earnings of people in manufacturing industries, construction, wholesale and retail trade, and many other categories.

Better Off than in 1929

What is more significant, teachers' salaries increased more than the incomes of all other professional people, except physicians. Between 1929 and 1951, physicians' incomes increased 70 per cent, and teachers' salaries 53 per cent; but dentists' incomes increased only 21 per cent, and lawyers' only 18 per cent. (The figure for lawyers is for 1954, rather than 1951.) The teacher, then, really is better off, absolutely and relatively, than he was a generation ago.

Let me remark here that I am writing of the public school teacher, not the college professor. Between 1939 and 1949, teachers' earnings increased 29.3 per cent; but the earnings of college presidents, professors, and instructors *decreased* 13.8 per cent! During the past decade, the position of the professor has improved somewhat, but it remains true that the full (and genuine) professor is worse off, relatively, than he was in 1900; while the average school teacher, his inferior in education and presumably in ability, often earns more money than does a distinguished university scholar. (In Long Island, for instance, the private colleges nowadays can pay only a six or seven thousand dollar salary for teaching a subject which, in neighboring high schools, brings a salary of eight or nine thousand.)

So the teacher has been moving upward, financially; and there is every indication that he will continue to earn more money. But is he respected more than formerly? No, say his spokesmen; and probably they know whereof they speak. Now erring humanity has a lamentable tendency to respect a man in proportion to his worldly prosperity; and if, then, the teacher's increased income has not brought him increased respect, just possibly the teacher has not grown in dignity and wisdom, despite his emoluments.

At a good private school near Detroit, a parent recently inquired if all the teachers there had state teachers' certificates. "Oh, no," said the headmaster: "none of them."

"None!" said the startled parent. "Then aren't they any good?"

"On the contrary," the headmaster replied, "they are much better than any group of public school teachers hereabouts, though I pay them much less than the public schools would. It's because they haven't certificates that they come to a private school, where only the headmaster is required to have a certificate. The reason they're not certified is that they were too intelligent and too strong-minded to enroll in all those boring education courses in college. They have been made to suffer for their intelligence. In a way, I'm not sorry; for if the public schools didn't drive them away, I wouldn't have the pick of the crop of teachers."

I am suggesting, you will gather, that it is not lack of decent pay which causes a shortage of *good* teachers in our public schools; and that a self-respecting teacher, the kind of person who ought to teach, prefers Athena to Mammon.

»BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS«

Dedication to France

THOMAS MOLNAR

It would be difficult to find in any age war memoirs comparable to those of Charles de Gaulle, the second volume of which has now appeared in English translation (*Unity, 1942-1944,* Simon and Schuster, $6.00). The book combines two eminent qualities: it is *history* in the sense in which Thucydides and Polybius wrote history, that is, reflection upon men in the light of their actions, ambitions, realizations and failures; and it is *wisdom*: the reflection of one man upon himself, his role and his responsibility—his awareness of holding in his hands the two fiery balls: moral principles and good politics.

The first volume dealt with the two-year period from de Gaulle's London broadcast proclaiming that the war would go on for France despite the Vichy surrender, to the first sign of hope in 1942. The present volume begins with the preparations for the North African landing and accompanies the General until the moment he enters Notre Dame for the thanksgiving ceremony of the liberation. As de Gaulle himself is a man of one idea—the greatness of France—so the main inspiration of this book arises from a desire to explain how this ideal was pursued despite tremendous hardships.

It is no secret that the wartime alliance masked a clash of personalities, world-views and aspirations. "The British," writes de Gaulle, "did not conceal their gloom at no longer being masters in their own country and at finding themselves dispossessed of their leading role . . . Mr. Churchill himself, whether by craft or by conviction, affected to be no more than Roosevelt's lieutenant."

This de Gaulle refused to be. First, because he had cast himself in the quasi-religious role of a leader who must hold high the standard of his country in its hour of trial and humiliation; second, because he was convinced that behind the ideological formulas of the Anglo-Saxon powers there was a desire for domination: on the part of the British, the preservation of their world network; on the part of Roosevelt, the establishment of American hegemony. "The United States, delighting in her resources, feeling that she no longer had within herself sufficient scope for her energies, wishing to help those who were in misery and bondage the world over, yielded, in her turn, to that taste for intervention in which the instinct for domination cloaked itself. It was precisely this tendency that President Roosevelt espoused."

No illusionist, de Gaulle sized up the position of France with exceptional keenness of vision. He knew that "diplomacy recognizes only realities," that is, power relationships, and that France was weak. However, the strength of her weakness was that everybody had a different concept about her future: Roosevelt and Churchill, Pétain and Giraud, the awakening parties of the Third Republic, and the Communist-dominated section of the Resistance. The General's supreme skill was to commit himself to none and to lean upon good sense and sure instinct in doing so. In fact, had he not made the oft-quoted reference to Joan of Arc, the reader would himself find astonishing similarities between the good sense and moral independence of the two.

The two elements on which de Gaulle built his difficult leadership and which he trusted absolutely to carry him through the war, were his insistence that no compromise be made with Vichy and its servile personnel, and his no less categorical demand that France be recognized as a free and sovereign nation by the Allies in their dealings with him, who for the time being represented her. Why was it so hard to set these two foundation stones of his policy in the shifting ground of the alliance?

The Allies, especially ourselves, never trusted de Gaulle. The President simply did not understand that France needed a "mystique" to oppose to Hitler's Nazi ideology and Vichy's "national revolution." De Gaulle was *par excellence* the charismatic leader that both Roosevelt and Churchill also were, but they failed to recognize this quality in his dry, obstinate, obsessed figure. Consequently, Roosevelt preferred to support the wrong men, one after the other— Pétain, Darlan, Giraud—men who were unacceptable not only to France, but also in the moral climate that the war generated and victory required.

Driven by his personal mistrust of de Gaulle, Roosevelt extended his fears to the future of France. He saw the country taken over by the General's "shady associates" and then torn by civil war which would prevent peace in Europe and endanger the supply lines of our army of occupation in Germany.

N HIS very valuable work, *Charles de Gaulle, The Crucial Years, 1943-1944* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.00), Mr. Arthur L. Funk calls the Rooseveltian approach to wartime France "a negative and indefensible attitude" by which "the President interposed his solitary but powerful opposition to a policy which would have been, as events proved, in the American interest." Mr. Funk's scrupulous documentation decisively supports de Gaulle's point that Roosevelt's idea was to leave the question of French war leadership open, thus creating a power vacuum for the numerous candidates who wanted to climb on the Allied bandwagon at the opportune moment. Had de Gaulle not been irritatingly inflexible, the French nation at home would have been plunged into confusion for lack of a countervailing loyalty to Pétain; and without de Gaulle as a prestigious rallying point, the various underground movements would have pulled the Resistance apart.

That de Gaulle had no dictatorial ambitions—as Roosevelt, and perhaps Churchill too, feared—he has proved throughout his career in 1944, 1946, and again in 1958. The fact is that this army general and tank expert, sometime contributor to *Action Française,* is a statesman of extraordinary gifts. The simple greatness of his ideas easily misleads politicians of smaller—and equal—stature, particularly as he is able to deploy a remarkable mastery of political means in order to obtain his desired end. A classic case was his neutralization of two attempts (by Laval and by the Communists) to set up provisional government before the Allied armies arrived, and discard him with honor and after a great show of gratitude, of course. Thus none of Roosevelt's alarms was justified: de Gaulle did not want to be a "Fascist dictator," nor a Communist puppet; on the contrary, as Mr. Funk acknowledges, "he was the best possible safeguard against internal disturbance."

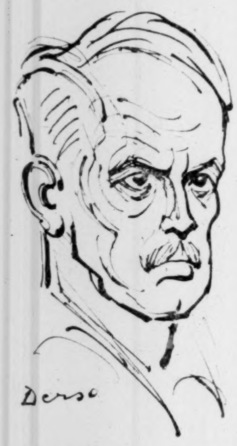
What de Gaulle wanted to achieve (and on this goal he had fixed his eyes even during the grimmest years of his struggle for recognition) was a stable regime, a strong state, generous at home and respected abroad. "The Third Republic," he writes, "was the regime which for so many, many years had floated upon the nation's surface without directing its vital forces. . . . The notorious misfortunes that had rained down upon France . . . were the consequences of a long disease of the State." As he entered Paris on August 25, 1944, his first visit was to the Ministry of War he had left four years before, and where he now wanted to set up his offices. Everything was as he had seen it last: "Not a piece of furniture, not a rug, not a curtain had been disturbed. On the desk, the telephone was in the same place, and on the call buttons exactly the same names. . . . Nothing was missing except the State. It was my duty to restore it: I installed my staff at once and got down to work."

Genesis of Genius

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

How does one explain the genesis of a genius? To Croswell Bowen, attacking the problem of Eugene O'Neill in *The Curse of the Misbegotten: A Tale of the House of O'Neill* (McGraw-Hill, $5.00), the mystery is one to be solved in terms of antecedents. The only defect of the formula is that it does not explain why one man becomes a great playwright (as was the case with Eugene O'Neill himself), or a scamp (Eugene's brother Jamie), or simply a tortured soul (as seems to have been the case with O'Neill's two sons, one of them a suicide, the other—at least temporarily—a narcotics addict).

What Mr. Bowen had on his hands when he started investigating the life of the "black Irishman" who changed the course of the American theater was a tale of horrors. He has worked the tale for all that it is worth, piling it on and grinding it in. The motifs have obviously been taken from O'Neill's own estimate of the "curse" that rested on his line, as exhibited in those plays about the "Tyrone" family, *A Moon for the Misbegotten* and *Long Day's Journey Into Night.*



EUGENE O'NEILL: ". . . [his] curse was a frustration which could only be cured by sitting at a desk and putting its substance into works of purgative dramatic force."

The story of Eugene O'Neill's own journey into night as set forth by Mr. Bowen vibrates with Freudian overtones. There is the hatred for the father, with the final late reconciliation when the father is no longer a menace to the son's own need for sufficiency. There is the gnawing of remorse for having put the mother through the ordeal of childbirth (Eugene O'Neill's mother apparently became a morphine addict as a result of the medication which the doctors decreed at the time of his delivery). And there is the inability to make a mature adjustment to love (O'Neill deserted two wives and three children and, on Mr. Bowen's evidence, stuck to a third wife only because she took command of details of living that were too much for a harassed and sickly man to cope with on his own).

As Mr. Bowen piles fact on fact and Freudian symbol on Freudian symbol, the narrative takes on compulsively horrifying power. Certain things, however, bother an attentive reader. It is not so much that there are careless errors, as when Mr. Bowen makes the Gaylord Sanitarium in Wallingford, Connecticut, look out on the valley of the Housatonic (instead of the Quinnipiac) or when he lists Richard Neuberger of Oregon as a Senator from the State of Washington. Things like this crop up in the first printings of the best of books. The greater flaws of the book have largely to do with the relentlessness with which Mr. Bowen pursues tawdry details which have no direct bearing on O'Neill's own life. The revelations of dope addiction as it afflicted O'Neill's mother for a transient period have their value, for they contribute to the understanding of the son's sense of doom as manifested in his plays. But the details about the furies that pursued O'Neill's own children seem spun out for the sake of sensationalism.

Mr. Bowen evidently considers it important to demonstrate that O'Neill could not save his children from the curse which his own father, the old character actor who starred for years in *The Count of Monte Cristo,* had bequeathed to him. The blame for the children's "insecurity" is placed on the playwright. But other children have had difficult parents, or difficult family situations, and lived to tell the tale in many varying accents. In any event, nothing is served by rubbing in details about the consumption of marijuana and heroin in Greenwich Village long after Eugene O'Neill had ceased to hang out at the Hell Hole with the characters who were to become the *dramatis personae* of *The Iceman Cometh*.

In the end, of course, biography explains very little about the genius of O'Neill. Nor do we know why he acted so perversely toward people whom he manifestly loved. Mr. Bowen talked to scores of people, many of whom he quotes at length, but the "whys" of O'Neill's desertion of his second wife, Agnes Boulton, and his courtship of Carlotta Monterey, the dramatic actress who became the third Mrs. O'Neill, remain mysteries of personality and soul. One can surmise that Agnes Boulton O'Neill, a model of long-suffering competence, had too much basic independence to satisfy O'Neill's need for a mother-substitute. But the guess must remain just what it is—a guess. Similarly it must remain a guess that Carlotta Monterey took the playwright away from Agnes largely because her beauty suggested a more satisfactory mother image to a tormented man.

Mr. Bowen might have done better if he had consulted Freud less and Jung more in his attempts to relate the genius in O'Neill to the ordinary citizen. As Jung has said, art is a kind of innate drive, a creative force, that seizes a human being almost in spite of himself. In his novel, *Trouble in the Flesh*, which is obviously based on the life of O'Neill, Max Wylie lets Freud explain the man while Jung explains the artist in the man. A psychiatrist, pronouncing upon Seton Farrier (Wylie's name for his O'Neill-like protagonist), speaks of the ships Farrier sailed upon and the saloons he frequented as substitutes for the womb. But when he comes to speak of Farrier's art, the psychiatrist begs off. "Alienations," he says, "rejections of many kinds, are just another bewilderment to us. . . ." But to the artist (so the psychiatrist continues) "alienation" makes for the thematic recurrences of "loss of identity, loneliness, self-doubt, estrangement from the community—man seeking his own meaning but never finding it. . . . For a dramatist this is all right. . . . Because these are the great themes."

So O'Neill, the artist, let his "alienations" feed his plays. There was nothing "neurotic" about his writing habits. To quote Jung, "the artist's life cannot be otherwise than full of conflicts, for two forces are at war within him—on the one hand the common human longing for happiness, satisfaction and security in life, and on the other a ruthless passion for creation which may go so far as to override every personal desire. The lives of artists are as a rule so highly unsatisfactory—not to say tragic—because of their inferiority on the human and personal side, and not because of a sinister dispensation . . . the creative force can drain the human impulses to such a degree that the personal ego must develop all sorts of bad qualities—ruthlessness, selfishness and vanity. . . ."

In pursuing his Jungian theme, Mr. Wylie departs from the actual script of O'Neill's life at certain moments. But he does a more thoughtful job of explaining the artist in O'Neill than Mr. Bowen does. O'Neill's "curse" was not that he was "misbegotten," or that his father "sold out" as an actor to make a fortune in a meretricious part, or that his mother became a morphine addict in giving birth to him. His true curse—if you want to call it that—was inherent in a sensitivity and in a talent that required an endless application to the job at hand, which was writing those tremendously sincere and powerful plays about immature characters.

Mr. Bowen, who has Irish antecedents himself, seems to think that O'Neill's Irishness had something to do with his "curse." But the same curse afflicted Strindberg, the Scandinavian playwright who so inspired O'Neill when he was waiting in the Gaylord Sanitarium to overcome tuberculosis. Transcending any matter of race, the curse was a frustration which could only be cured by sitting at a desk and putting its substance into works of purgative dramatic force.

O'Neill obeyed the summons that comes to all artists, and that is his justification and glory. That his sons had problems of their own is a matter for separate exploration.

A Change in Academic Weather

FRANK CHODOROV

A few years after World War I, I was invited to address an extracurricular class, consisting of graduate students and a sprinkling of professors, at the Harvard School of Business. My subject was the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. I was invited because I had successfully withstood the attempt of that union to organize the workers of a plant I was managing; the feat made me something of a curiosity. Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated, and later an important political aide of Franklin D. Roosevelt, had spoken to the same group and, according to report, had successfully "sold" his union to these intellectuals. I learned later, from an official who engineered my invitation, that I was supposed to test the image he had created.

My argument was simply this: I had not "beaten" the union at all; the organizing effort failed because the commissioner of police in the town steadfastly refused to tolerate violence or intimidation. I stressed the point that where government carries out its prescribed function of protecting life and property, and unions must depend on suasion alone, their course is very difficult indeed. Then I recounted the many instances of violence, well-known in the trade though not publicized, practiced by the Amalgamated in its unionization program. The effect was to tarnish somewhat the halo which that organization had acquired in the eyes of the "progressives."

I knew from the questions thrown at me that I was in hostile territory. The principal question, asked in a tone of incredulity, was really a rhetorical one: "Don't you believe in collective bargaining?" I tried to explain that in collective bargaining you collect what you can, because of your economic advantage, and bar-gain for what you would like to have in addition; it was far from analogous to a market transaction, a *quid pro quo,* but was more like a contest of arms. "But how can the individual employee improve his circumstances without the help of the union?" This brought me to the subject of wages, and when I said it was the consumer, not the employer, who pays wages, and that the level of wages was determined by the level of production, not by the union, a condescending smile showed that I had merely been tolerated by this audience.

THIS EXPERIENCE came to mind when I was reading *The Public Stake in Union Power* (University of Virginia Press, $5.00). It is a collection of lectures delivered by sixteen visiting professors of economics as a course in labor relations at Virginia. Philip D. Bradley, the editor of the book and the conductor of the course, says in his foreword that the lecturers, who come from different universities, had a free hand in the selection and treatment of their respective subjects; which is important to note because the pattern of thought running through these sixteen lectures was not prearranged but was arrived at independently. One may assume that other professors are thinking along the same line. And that line is singularly different from the one I encountered at Harvard during pre-New Deal days, before the Wagner and Norris-LaGuardia Acts institutionalized the pro-union bias of the professorial fraternity.

Taken as a whole, the lectures lean heavily toward what is now called conservatism in economic thinking. They are decidedly rid of the class-struggle theory of wage determination which achieved axiomatic position among many economists during the first third of this century. They stress the fact that the level of wages is fixed in the market; and that when the union (because of its political, not its economic, power) forces wages above what the market is willing to pay, the result is inflationary. They point up the evils of compulsory unionism and the lack of justice in the laws that give the unions a preferred position in society. It is refreshing to read in at least one of these essays that compulsory unionism is inconsistent with the tradition of individual freedom on which our polity is based. All in all, the essays conclude that the public bears the burden.

One cannot help wondering whether these sixteen professors are representative of a new trend. It is barely twenty years since the Marxist economics taught on the campus was cleaned up and made respectable by Keynesian terminology and calculus. Is it possible that the academy has learned, from experience and the McClellan Committee, how wrong it was both before and after Keynes, and is at long last turning to Adam Smith for direction?

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Through History at a Dogtrot

REVILO OLIVER

A CONSERVATIVE is a man who understands the continuity of civilization and governs his thought by the experience that mankind has painfully accumulated in the six thousand years of recorded history that separate us from timeless barbarism. History is a high and arduous discipline, accessible only to those who have the patience to weigh complex and often elusive data, and the courage to confront the unpleasant realities of human nature; it necessarily lies beyond the emotional and intellectual capacities of children, savages, and "Liberal intellectuals," who instinctively flee from reality to live in a dream-world in which the laws of nature can be suspended by the intervention of wizards, witch-doctors, or "social scientists."

It is delightful, of course, to fancy that the act of rubbing an old lamp, pronouncing a secret word, or holding a "Summit meeting" will release magical forces that will rescue us from the limitations of reality, and such indulgence of the imagination answers a certain emotional need that is undeniably a part of our nature: *dulce est desipere in loco.* The conservative, however, always distinguishes fantasy from reason; he is willing to learn from history the bitter truth that we live in a world so unjust that pumpkins never become coaches and that Cinderellas are usually born with big feet.

Some of history's most impressive lessons are found in the experience of cultures, such as those of China and India, which represent a mentality fundamentally alien to our own, but we must always take a particular interest in history's longest and greatest continuum, the culture of which we are a part. Although no one of us can flatter himself that he is significantly related by blood to Aeschylus or Cicero, we are, by the mysterious processes of cultural heredity, their children; their thoughts gave us life, and, as some of our contemporaries are painfully discovering, when we disown them, we repudiate ourselves.

THERE IS always, therefore, a market for books which give a quick glimpse of classical antiquity and so perform a service analogous to that of the guides who hustle tourists through the Louvre in forty minutes. No reasonable tourist who has elected such a guide will complain because he had to pass the Mona Lisa or the Aphrodite of Melos at a dogtrot; and no reader of the two slender volumes that we shall notice here should complain because he has been hustled through history.

Mr. Arnold J. Toynbee's *Hellenism* (Oxford, $4.50) is a rapid survey of Occidental culture from Homer to the collapse of the Roman Empire. Its author's haste may account for occasional awkwardness in English, such as the use of the word "paramountcy" to replace "hegemony," or violations of both idiom and logic in such prases as "Hellenic colonists occupied the Paropanisadae," which is no more acceptable than a statement, for example, that "white settlers occupied the Indians." Haste undoubtedly accounts for a number of errors in detail and for the author's habitual failure to distinguish between historical fact, probable inference, doubtful interpretation (there is no direct evidence whatsoever that Alexander the Great held "the lofty ideal of the brotherhood of all mankind"), and sheer speculation (*e.g.*, that the Hyperboreans of Greek myth were really the Chinese).

Mr. Toynbee's current popularity dates from the publication of *The World and the West*, a book in which he pretended that the noble savages of Russia were the innocent victims of aggression by the vile and civilized Europeans. He obviously knows a good market when he sees one, and serious readers of his latest work will not take seriously the little tidbits that he has scattered here and there to stimulate the glands of Liberal reviewers, such as the assumption that patriotism is "always anti-social" or the stale quip that "Moral rearmament was a tiresome but effective insurance for the sanctity of private property."

The reader will, however, be tantalized by Mr. Toynbee's sketch of the policies of Cimon (pp. 101f.) his comment on the "social disease" of Macedonia (p. 146), and his observation that under the Roman Empire "world-peace deprived most people of the opportunity of risking . . . their lives for the sake of a cause that transcended their petty personal interests." In such passages Mr. Toynbee seems about to offer us a profound historical insight, but he hastens on, and we can never be sure whether he does so because his thought became lost in some inner confusion, or because he caught himself on the verge of saying something that would have shocked Mr. Norman Cousins.

In six short lectures in Ann Arbor Sir Frank Adcock outlined *Roman Political Ideas and Practice* (Michigan, $3.75). Like Mr. Toynbee, he can be careless in the use of English ("Claudius . . . showed . . . much beneficent activity"), but careful in avoiding questions that it would be tactless to ask in the presence of "Liberals." It is true, of course, that the guide of so hurried a tour must avoid debate, if he is to keep to his schedule, but it is unfortunate that Sir Frank never calls to the attention of his audience the fundamental problem that Professor R. E. Smith has stated clearly in his brilliant little book, *The Failure of the Roman Republic*. And this, it so happens, is also the vital problem before us, who live in a republic that was constructed on the basis of Polybius' analysis of the Roman constitution. Was the disintegration that began with the Gracchi produced by ineluctable historical forces to which men must submit as they submit to the cycle of the seasons, or was it an accumulation of errors which we, if we chose to learn from human experience, might have the wit, the will, and the moral integrity to avoid?

How little such questions are to the taste of our contemporaries may be inferred, *inter alia*, from the fact that no one has thought to translate into English a work indispensable in this inquiry, Robert von Pöhlmann's monumental *Geschichte der sozialen Frage*. But by the inexorable law of nature men who refuse to learn from history are condemned to repeat it.

Movies

An American Hero

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

"You are a fool," said the daughter of the king of France to John Paul Jones, "but I love fools."

This is a coquettish remark—not a serious one. She does not think John Paul Jones is a fool. Nor do the producers of the film, *John Paul Jones*. They (the king's daughter and the producers) obviously think he is a hero and they are not ashamed to admit it.

America's great naval hero is presented as a man of heroic proportions. Patriotism, for once, is a respectable emotion. Benjamin Franklin, John Hancock, Patrick Henry and George Washington are pictured without a sneer. There is an epic sweep and grandeur to the film, but for all that it has an honesty and simplicity rarely exhibited in today's motion pictures.

This apparently came about because Samuel Bronston, the producer, and John Farrow, the director, decided to leave the psychiatrists out of this one. The "You are a fool" line is almost the only speech or action in the 126 minutes of this ambitious production which might tend to link it with the usual southern California film biographies (such as *Five Pennies*, which turns Red Nichols into a jazz-age Hans Christian Andersen, or *Al Capone* with its two hours of scenery-chewing or *Compulsion* with its little, dirty story). No—the psychiatrists have been left out and the result is pure hero worship and pure fun.

There are magnificent sailing and battle scenes. There is a steady tramp of heroic and historic characters and events. There is everything to make for an enjoyable afternoon.

The piece is not without its humor. In fact, a high level of satire is achieved in the feminine roles. One of the major parts finds Pier Angeli masquerading as Marisa Pavan. In another, Erin O'Brien, who rejects Jones out of hand, combines a classic beauty with an ability to flutter not her eyelashes but her left eyebrow. (She is more than a female Tony Curtis—she is an Elizabeth Taylor with talent.) And Bette Davis appears as Catherine the Great in four languages. In one of Hollywood's great moments, she speaks Russian with a German accent, German with a Russian accent, French with an American accent and English with a West End Avenue accent.

The picture, to be sure, has its share of historical inaccuracies. They are, however, minor and do not intrude upon the story. If John Paul Jones is forced to read one of Patrick Henry's speeches before it was written, he also gives a technically accurate demonstration of how to take a sailing ship through reefs. If a sea captain is made to go to Valley Forge

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to attempt to resign his commission, there is also the first known film demonstration of the spiking of guns—that phenomenon so often talked about but so little seen.

A cynical America should not forget its heroes. John Paul Jones certainly deserves to stand with the best of them. His reputation is based on deeds. It is refreshing to see a motion picture in which these deeds are not attributed to the fact that he sucked his thumb as a small boy or that he was ambitious to enter the company of landed gentlemen. It is a tribute to the producers of this film that they have pictured John Paul Jones as "a gentleman of liberal education, refined manner, punctilious courtesy and the nicest sense of personal honor."

These qualities have traditionally been admired by Americans. They are part of the legacy bequeathed to the United States and to the Navy by John Paul Jones.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Failure of Atomic Strategy, by F. O. Miksche (Praeger, $4.50). What is "atomic paralysis"? It is a political condition, brought on by a too heavy reliance on "massive retaliation," which makes effective resistance to Communism impossible and leaves the sufferer no choice but suicide or surrender. That is how Colonel Miksche diagnoses the malaise of the West. He finds the condition both incredible and unnecessary. The West, Miksche contends, has the resources not only to stop, but to roll back the Red tide without precipitating atomic catastrophe, something neither side wants nor can afford. To accomplish this, Miksche would rely not on America and its wonder-weapons, but on Europe and its traditional prowess, including reconstituted armies. With a powerful and secure Europe once again a factor in a new world power-balance, a united West could take the offensive in the decisive Afro-Asian areas. J. P. McFADDEN

Modern Verse in English 1900-1950, Edited by Lord David Cecil and Allen Tate (Macmillan, $5.00). With a preface apiece, the editors have made a brisk and viable sampling which makes our past half century look more decent and self-knowing than we usually dare hope. If our poets have not written epics, they haven't lied either—or at least not as much as Tennyson once did. On the whole, like Auden, they have simply asked themselves, "What can truth treasure, or heart bless, but a narrow strictness?" and written accordingly. Of their present entrepreneurs, I'm afraid Mr. Tate is altogether the better man, though whether this is because he is more intelligent, or has hair on his moral chest, or has written first-rate verse himself, would be a matter of opinion. I myself only wished he had done the whole anthology. But just as it stands, it is the quality of the taster which, among others, readers who are intelligent but not ordinarily prone to poetry ought to try out on their hammocks this summer. Certainly, a large percentage of those who do will be transferring it to their bedsides for the coming winter. It is not for nothing that poetry collections were once called Treasuries. R. PHELPS

Command the Morning, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day, $4.50). A soap opera about the men who created the atomic bomb, this book shows us that scientists are a) noble, b) young and handsome, c) kind to Negroes, Jews, Japanese, Russians and dogs, d) perpetually being sandbagged by Inspirations. They spend their days telling others how important they are, and being assured of this importance. But life is not cloudless on their Olympus. After all, scientists must go through the agony of making the only decisions that matter in our world; and they must put up with mere men and women, prosaic and unable to understand the higher Conscience and morality that nuclear physics somehow breeds in modern laboratories. This Conscience leads them, in the book, to the feet of a sage in India, who is measuring the pain inflicted on a carrot by the kitchen knives of boorish non-scientists. In short, Pearl Buck, that aging sophomore, has a crush on the science teacher which can do nothing but embarrass him and bore the reader. G. WILLS

To the Editor

Nixon and Art for Moscow

The following is a word-for-word reply, signed by Colgate S. Prentice, executive assistant to the Vice President, to a letter to Mr. Nixon begging him to have certain paintings and sculptures pulled from the U.S. exhibit ["For the Record," June 20] before he opens the Moscow fair in July:

"On behalf of the Vice President I wish to acknowledge your letter of June 4 concerning the pictures to be shown at the American National Exhibition in Moscow.

"As you may know, the Vice President has no part in the operation of the Exhibition, which is under the policy direction of Mr. George Allen, Director of the United States Information Agency, and under the day-to-day management of Mr. Chad McClelland, the General Manager of the Exhibition. From these sources we have obtained the following facts for your information.

"The works of art were selected by a four-man jury of experts who judged them solely on their merit and without regard to the politics of the artists. It was believed that to have exercised censorship would have put the United States in the same position as the Soviet Union which, as you know, selects works of art on the basis of politics alone. I can assure you that this has resulted in commendatory editorials by a number of our leading newspapers, who have spoken highly of the quality of the exhibits and have approved the policy under which they were chosen."

Questions: Am I to believe that Communists and pro-Communists are regarded as representatives of the American People? Was not Max Weber, one of the artists, who drew such terrible criticisms on his art by top American art critics, affiliated with over 400 front organizations? Is not one of the jury-of-four the author of a book about Max Weber, and a professor at the questionable Sarah Lawrence College? What newspapers printed the "commendatory editorials" on the choice of art to represent a free society? Are we to sit back and let the Communists tell the peoples behind the Iron Curtain that Communists and their fellow travelers have gained recognition in our free society, which is therefore the reason why their art is included with that of loyal Americans?

I've written to Mr. Nixon and asked him to do something about this terrible situation. To whom do I write now?

Clifton, N.J. VALERIE EBERSOLE

Lewis Strauss and the Constitution

NR has, many times, eloquently championed the rights of Congress against the encroaching power of the Executive; and yet, now, when the Senate has finally done something to assert these rights—in rejecting Lewis Strauss—this constitutional issue is conveniently forgotten. And this, in the same issue [July 4] which rightly supports Joe McCarthy's crusade against Executive secrecy and dictation! Must we automatically support any man, regardless of other considerations, who was anti-Oppenheimer?

If you look at the congressional debate over the Strauss appointment, you will find that it was the supporters, not the opponents, of Strauss who raised the red herring of the Oppenheimer case; it was the supporters, not the opponents, who raised the still redder herring of "anti-Semitism." The fact is that the opposition was based largely on such questions as keeping secrets from the legislative branch. We should also not forget that, as Secretary of Commerce, Strauss would have great power over exports and imports, and that it was Strauss who was largely responsible for the clamping on of oil import quotas—this is reason enough for any libertarian to oppose his appointment, just as it was reason enough for John L. Lewis to support him.

Your implication that the Strauss battle was a simple Left *vs.* Right contest is highly unfair. Voting for Strauss were such left-wing Republicans as Aiken, Javits, Scott, Cooper,

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and Case of New Jersey; voting against Strauss were such highly conservative Democrats as Frear of Delaware, Smathers of Florida, and Talmadge of Georgia. Do you think Herman Talmadge would have voted for Oppenheimer?

New York City MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

Bardot on Kant

As to Mr. Chambers' latest vision [June 20], a TV university, all I can say is that it raises before my eyes the specter of an Orwellian nightmare. The trouble, it would appear to me, lies in his inability to distinguish between instruction and education. Had he simply stressed the usefulness of TV as a supplement to the book read in solitude, to the free exchange of ideas between two intellects, I'd have no quarrel with him; but he carried his position to such excesses that eventually his arguments jumped across the laughable into the downright pernicious. I am as charmed by the absurd as the next, but there are limits. Seduced by the obvious, Mr. Chambers displays less the failure of logic than the utter failure of sensitiveness, which strikes me as the cardinal sin of the modern, liberal, progressive man.

He talks with such an unconcealed delight about those 3,400 persons who started their day copying the Russian, surrealistic alphabet from their TV screens, and then goes on to draw, jubilantly and in glowing colors, the picture of his mammoth universities of the future consisting, he informs us, of "highly select faculty" (who is going to select it, and what standards of judgment will he use?) and "millions" of students: the accent, of course, is on the millions. A more frightening example of the Detroit complex, rapidly vulgarizing our whole culture into a cheap parody, would be hard to find. Democracies do not need to fear dictatorships, but if they value their life they should dread the worship of numbers as poison . . . the "creation" of a free mind demands an almost infinite patience, time, and last, though not least, a personal contact with an already mature and healthy spirit. For, Mr. Chambers' scorn of the rather platitudinous phrase notwithstanding, the task of education is exactly the shaping of a "whole man" and not just the dissemination of facts. (Otherwise we could dispense not only with the traditional universities but the TV as well, nothing more being necessary than the purchase of *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the subsequent perseverance to learn its contents by heart. It may yet very well happen, I suppose, in the future paradise of the Brave New World . . .)

[Chambers] distrusts the Total State, and there I cordially applaud him: the total state is a vicious monster (having lived under both the Nazis and the Communists I know whereof I speak), but his suggested solution of the very real problem confronting us sounds like something born in the fertile brains of Pogo and his friends, an exercise in what Mr. Kirk might call "boondogglery." And that an honest and highly intelligent man could sincerely propose such an appalling monstrosity as a TV university is the saddest testimony to the shallowness of our times. Consider some of the consequences, entirely apart from the absence of a living communion between the teacher and the pupil, which in itself renders true education impossible. (It is not within the human reach to attain the ideal of one student to one mentor, but that seems hardly a jus-

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tification for the impulse to rush in the opposite extreme, and do everything as wretchedly as possible.) Presume that those seats of "higher learning" would, in the approved capitalistic manner, compete for audiences; add to it the noble desire to spread culture among the "masses," and the results should be easily foreseeable—professors chosen on the basis of their TV appeal, and such dry subjects as, say, philosophy or calculus served with a dash of sex, to make them more palatable to the jaded appetities of our populace: now there, that mightn't be such a bad idea—Mlle. Bardot in bubble-bath prefacing a lecture on Kant.

I do not see the merit of an educational alchemy transforming the googols into yahoos. Ignorance is not so very dangerous; it is certainly not "degradating" (his use of that term in this connection is merely one more example of his astonishing subservience to jargon). Compared with the average coed of our day, Virgil or Aristotle, or for that matter St. Paul, were utter ignoramuses—at least that is what Mr. Chambers appears tacitly to imply; but somehow one remains unconvinced. For myself, I have little fear of the higher-uneducated; I rather suspect that if our civilization will perish, it will be the work of the vulgar, the cultural scarecrows: a veneer of technical knowledge hiding hearts of straw or stone. After all, it wasn't the Bavarian peasant who kept the fires at Belsen burning with the help of human fuel nor, today, is it the Russian semi-literate *muzhik* who presides over the torture cells of the NKVD. (The Hisses, the Fuchses, the Rosenbergs, are nc dunces either.) . . .

Toronto, Canada SIDNEY KRUPICKA

Elizabeth the Not-so-Great

You add insult to injury by listing in your "Recommended Reading" columns [July 4] the book *Elizabeth the Great,* after that sickening review of the book by Anthony Lejeune [Feb. 28] in which he lavished praise upon her.

The main facts as stated in this book are contrary to all the well-known history of this cruel tyrant, testified to by Catholic and non-Catholic historians. I refer you to the articles on "England" and "Ireland" in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* by two eminent scholars, W. S. Lilly (*England,* Vol. 5, pages 448-49) and E. A. D'Alfon (*Ireland,* Vol. 8, page 102). Please read them. It will take little of your time, and I think it will change your mind.

For my part I say that any Catholic of English or Irish descent who knowingly approves of this book on the modern Jezebel, Elizabeth Tudor, "blasphemes his breed."

Philadelphia, Pa. M. J. HOGAN

Top-Drawer

Morton Cronin's slashing attack on cliché-baiters [June 20] hits the nail on the head. It was a top-notch job, long overdue, on the soft-boiled egg-heads who have multiplied like flies in these halcyon days. Thank you, Mr. Cronin, for rallying to our defense. Hold the fort!

New York City GLADYS KING

This Is Your Life

The following is taken from O. Henry's last story, "The Snow Man": "His face was stolid and unreadable—something like that of a great thinker, or one who had no thoughts to conceal. I thought his eye seemed unwarrantably superior to the elements and to the man, but quickly attributed that to the characteristic self-importance of a petty chef.

"'Think it will be a big snow, George?' asked the ranchman. George had turned to re-enter the cook room. He moved slowly around and, looking at his face, it seemed to me that he was turning over the wisdom and knowledge of centuries in his head. 'It might,' was his delayed reply.

"At the door of the kitchen he stopped and looked back at us. Both Ross and I held our knives and forks poised and gave him our regard. Some men have the power of drawing the attention of others without speaking a word. Their attitude is more effective than a shout. 'And again it mightn't,' said George and went back to his stove.

"After we had eaten, he came in and gathered the emptied dishes. He stood for a moment, while his spurious frown deepened. 'It might stop any minute,' he said, 'or it might keep up for days.'"

The enigma here is, how could O. Henry, dead these many years have known Walter Lippmann?

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